JOHN BULL

Vol. V. No. 119. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12 1908 ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number see page 244.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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FOR PREVENTION

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Vol. V. No. 119. Saturday, September 12th, 1908. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

One of the first persons we met in Carlsbad was M. Clemenceau. He is looking far from well, and has aged a good deal of late. He is a wonderful man. He speaks English fluently, and at the age of twenty-five translated into French the works of Herbert Spencer. Originally a medical man—he is the author of at least one standard work on Cells—he takes the keenest interest in all the details of his "cure." Although now the greatest man in France—for, after all, it is the "President of the Council of Ministers" who counts there—he is as modest in his tastes, and as retiring in his habits, as when a hard-working journalist twenty years ago. Indeed, the rooms he occupies, during his cure, are the ones in which he lived in those days, on the third floor—up a little side street, away from the gaze and noise of the crowd. He is a man of iron will, who boasts, if it be a boast, that he has never changed an opinion in his life. He is feared more than loved, and is just the man for France to-day.

The King is looking wonderfully well—but his "cure," in the strict sense of the phrase, is a farce. It's the rest that does the good. With an accommodating young doctor, His Majesty does himself fairly well, walks very little, and, generally, throws to the winds much of the orthodox regulations of the treatment. But he is free from the conventions and restrictions of State formality—which is a "cure" in itself. It was interesting to observe him the other day in animated conversation for upwards of half-an-hour with the French Premier—followed by *five minutes'* chat with the Russian Minister. Rumour says that the object of the first interview was to enlist the financial help of France for its ally, but that Clemenceau wasn't "having any," and hence the brevity of the second audience. But Rumour is an untrustworthy courier.

The latest rumour is that the Turkish revolution was engineered by Sir Edward Grey, and that he had been for a long time in secret communication with the Young Turk leaders. If so, he is much cleverer than we thought him to be. But at the same time what a lot of dust he must have thrown in the eyes of Parliament and the public!

The German Emperor and Government seem to have a fatal facility for providing the world with unpleasant surprises. No doubt most of us had come to the conclusion that Moulai Hafid would have to be recognised, but there was no excuse for one Power to rush in to try and curry favour by being the first to give the recognition. Germany already tried to make trouble at the time of the conference at Algeciras, but everything was smoothed down and she agreed to work harmoniously with the rest of the Powers. Now, however, it looks as though we shall have all the bother over again, and all the efforts of Edward the Peacemaker will be required to prevent friction and bad blood. The French are naturally sensitive after all their trouble and unsuccessful fighting, and it is rather hard for them to see someone else attempting to reap all the profits of the situation.

We do not read much nowadays in the way of books. Life is so short, and we have such a lot to write that there is little time to read. But, doubtless, hearing that we were about to leave town, and thinking that we should have nothing to do to while away the time (little knowing that, in truth, our holiday is our very busiest time!), our good friends Sir George Newnes, Limited, "with good wishes for the continued success of our brainy and outspoken journal," and being very

much interested in our recent articles on the German situation, sent us a little volume, "The Riddle of the Sands," which so captivated us that, starting from Victoria, when we arrived at Carlsbad we looked up from its pages and asked how long it would be before we reached Dover. We are no alarmists, and we wish to believe in the pacific aspirations of the Kaiser, but we can't shut our eyes to ominous evidences that tend to suggest that we *may* be living in a fool's paradise. At any rate, this little book, even though for literary and commercial purposes being, perhaps, a little over-coloured in parts, serves to remind us of the danger to which our lonely eastern coast is exposed. May the time be far distant when we shall regret our indifference towards our defences on the flat Essex shores; and, in the meantime, let us try to believe that the enquiries, and surveyings and soundings of our Teutonic brethren are but a natural outcome of that habit of scientific research for which they have ever been famous.

Some days ago it was reported that King Edward had had a fogos for lunch. The French journalists had never heard of a fogos, and proceeded to illuminate their silly season by speculations as to what it could be. One of them happened to have been in Hungary, where this fish is to be found at nearly every restaurant. So the French made the grand discovery that a fogos is a fish. But the unfamiliar name seemed to them excruciatingly funny, and they have been repeating it to each other ever since. When the King of Greece stumbled against a pastrycook in the street the other day, he was promptly called a fogos. Is it possible that imbecility can go any further? Fogey might have been all right, but why a fish?

And so dear old Archdeacon Colley *isn't* coming up to scratch after all! It will be remembered that when he recently sent us some "spirit photos" of his dead father and mother, which he professed to have taken himself, we said that he is "either a fraud or a fool"; and we proceeded to challenge him to repeat the performance, under proper tests, on condition that if he succeeded we would hand over £1,000 to the King's Hospital Fund. After talking about consulting his solicitor in order to satisfy himself that our challenge was made "in the interests of truth," and indulging in other bunkum of the kind, the venerable archdeacon suddenly dried up. Evidently the addition of £1,000 to the Hospital Fund is a matter which does not appeal to him. He is too busy with the spirits of the dead to bother himself about the bodies of the living.

Now, however, we have received a printed intimation that by way of "counterblast to John Bull, a most important series of illustrated articles on Spirit Photography, by the Venerable Archdeacon Colley (Dio. Natal), Rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, will be published weekly, beginning September 4th," in a publication which must seek the hospitality of our advertisement columns for identification. In other words, rather than come forward and substantiate his claims to being able to focus the spirits of the dead, the old gentleman prefers—presumably on the usual terms—to humbug, wilfully or unknowingly, the readers of our contemporary. Meanwhile, a thousand pounds for the hospitals goes begging. But we haven't done with the matter yet.

Enunciating some futile theory about the Kent murder, a contemporary makes the following sapient observations:—

> Revenge necessarily means long premeditation and a fixed resolve to run risk. Moreover, revenge is futile and certainly not complete unless those who wreak it know that it is recognised by those who fear it.

Why on earth revenge should imply premeditation and a resolve to run risks, does not precisely jump to the eyes. Suppose somebody annoyed us, we should immediately tap him under the chin without any premeditation whatever, and we should much prefer to run as little risk as possible in taking him on. The smaller he was the better we should be pleased. Again, we fail to see how a murder can be committed with the object of bringing home the murderer's annoyance to the mind of his victim. In that case, surely it would be more logical to torture an old lady than to shoot her from behind a tree.

The late Canon Fleming was a type of Churchman all too uncommon. He was not a great scholar, and could in no sense claim to be a great theologian, but he had many of the accomplishments of a great preacher, and his pulpit eloquence was nowhere denied. He had, too, a breadth of view, and an outlook upon life which humanised the theological formulæ of his Church. In the best sense he was evangelical; and now that he has passed he may be regarded as the missing link between Nonconformity and the Establishment. He was one of the earliest supporters of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. It was characteristic of him that in the early celebration of the Communion he started at the offertory, until Bishop Creighton forced him to say the whole of the Office from the beginning. No doubt these things were against his higher preferment. However that may be, many men less able, many less spiritually-minded, went ahead of him. The very absence in him of what may be called prelatism might have made him a prelate of wide and far-reaching influence upon his day and generation.

We wonder why the King of the Belgians made a fuss about giving up the Congo State to Belgium. As he has retained his interests in the concessions, he now enjoys all the advantages of his sovereignty without any of the corresponding drawbacks. We saw it stated in *Truth* that the Belgians may soon realise that it is an unprofitable possession, and may hand it over to France, but that the French may decline to accept it. We usually agree with Mr. Labouchere, but in this case we think he is mistaken. Whoever heard of the French refusing anything in the way of colonial expansion? And does he suppose that even our alleged "Little England" Government would refuse to take it over if it got the chance? Think of the campaign there would be about the neglect of an opportunity to carry out a philanthropic and humanitarian work. We do not go the lengths of Birmingham enthusiasts in adoration of colonies, but we think Mr. Labouchere goes rather too far in the opposite extreme. After all, England does know how to govern and develop savage districts, while the French and the Belgians never have acquired the knack, and never will.

Another writer states that the late King of Portugal had ambitions to recover Brazil "by personal prestige," and "had dreams of picking up the Crown of France in some revolutionary scramble." This is all silly nonsense. The late King had no personal prestige. He was a plump, good-natured chap, but did not inspire affection or even respect. Like certain other members of his family, he was no doubt full of greed, but he was not insane enough to indulge in such wild aspirations. Instead of conspiring to secure other crowns, he found it difficult enough to keep his own, which was menaced by Republicans on one hand, and by Dom Miguel, the "rightful heir to the throne," on the other.

The revolution in Turkey has killed the Balkan Committee, which may now be described, as Protection

was by Disraeli, as "not only dead but damned." Of course we know that it is not good taste to say anything unkind about the dead, but we suppose there is no rule of etiquette to prevent us from expressing ourselves severely about the damned. We consider that the Balkan Committee did an enormous amount of mischief and was indirectly responsible for many of the murders and outrages which took place in Macedonia. We therefore hope that the country will firmly repress any attempt to resurrect the Committee. No doubt the cessation of its labours will be a severe blow to sundry persons who have made a living out of the agitation, and if, by any intrigues, they can contrive to stir up trouble again, they will do so. But so long as the Balkans remain quiet, it is not likely that even the silliest old woman will pull out a sixpence for the benefit of Mr. Noel Buxton's friends.

All sorts of rogues and vagabonds are now going about London representing themselves as Young Turks, but in many cases they are really only discarded spies or other representatives of the old régime. Generous philanthropists will do well to beware of plausible Orientals who come round with wonderful tales of their struggles on behalf of liberty.

The recent case of Daisy Lord has aroused a great deal of sickly sentimentality. It may be all very well to pity a poor girl who was driven by despair to kill her illegitimate child. But surely the interest of babies should be considered as well as that of mothers. If infanticide is to be condoned whenever there are pathetic circumstances, the lives of the little ones will not be safe. It is idle to complain about the young woman being "dragged before a jury of men" and to make lamentation about her "mental and physical torture." The only alternative is that no inconvenient consequences should follow wilful murder. Nor do we see that it is "a piece of ill-timed buffoonery" to sentence a murderess to death even though there is every probability of a reprieve. Our sense of humour may be very deficient, but we entirely fail to discern anything in the nature of buffoonery there. On the contrary, we regard the death-sentence as the most solemn of judicial acts. Even when it is transformed into penal servitude for life, we do not discern a vestige of a joke. But we do think it a funny suggestion that, when a woman kills her illegitimate child, the father should be included in the indictment against her. The only excuse for this would be if it were a crime to procreate children out of wedlock. But even the most rigid puritans have not yet gone quite so far as that.

Without wishing to encourage drunkenness, we think that strict orders should be given to the police to refrain from accusing people of drunkenness, which in itself is not a crime according to law. People can be charged with being "drunk and disorderly" or "drunk and incapable," but it is the disorder or the incapacity which constitutes the offence. Then why drag in the drunkenness at all? It would be just as sensible to charge a man with being "overdressed and disorderly" or "dirty and incapable." The other day a man was arrested for the crime of standing in the gangway of a theatre, and an inspector said that the prisoner and his friends had "had more drink than was good for them." That is a very loose expression, and we should like to know on what principle the inspector decides what amount of liquor is not good for any particular individual. In any case, the insinuation does not seem to have been justified, for the magistrate remarked, "I have no reason to suppose for a moment that you had had too much to drink." But the inspector does not seem to have been reprimanded.

We regret to gather that the opinion of officers engaged in the organisation of the Territorial Forces is not very favourable as to the prospects of the scheme. What they say is that it is a good scheme, and would turn out soldiers much more efficient than the old Volunteers, but that it won't work, and for the reason that it is difficult to get the men with the existing regulations as to training. As a high officer in a Lancashire centre put it to us the other day, "The seniors in a big firm can hardly be expected to postpone their holidays at the most acceptable part of the year just because the juniors are in the Territorial Force; and to expect firms all over the country to disorganise their business that Mr. Haldane may organise a Volunteer Army is perilously near the sceptic's definition of faith as a profession of belief in the absolutely incredible." Pessimism is a wet blanket to enthusiasm; and we fear Mr. Haldane has an uphill task before him.

Once again Mr. Baggallay has had to keep the police up to the standard of fairness in a police court. A man was brought before him charged with loitering for the purpose of settling bets, and in telling his little tale the sergeant started to impart prejudice into the case by commencing, "The prisoner, sir, is a well-known bookmaker." The magistrate very properly pulled him up. Then he magnified an entry of 3s. into £3. Rebuked about this, he went on, "When I arrested him on another occasion," as if what had happened on other occasions was evidence against the man in this one. Mr. Baggallay very properly rebuked the officer again. Indeed, this sergeant betrayed a far too eager anxiety to get a conviction. This is not a virtue in a policeman, and our suggestion to Sergeant Rouse is that before he again appears in court he should attain to at least an elementary knowledge of what is evidence and what is not.

If anybody were inclined to doubt the public usefulness of the County Courts, the returns just issued would probably compel him to doubt no more. Take, for instance, one significant fact from the mass of figures. Out of claims of £3,759,970 made by means of 1,315,141 plaints last year, claimants received no less than £2,129,608. In many ways, too, it's a wonderfully accommodating court. Last year the lowest instalment ordered to be paid by a debtor was threepence a week; by no means the record, for we believe Judges infinitely pitiful have made orders as low as half as much. In the City of London Court one poor bankrupt cleared his debts by a composition of 2d. in the £. May his shadow never grow less.

The death is announced of the inventor of picture postcards. We are not sure whether he deserves a fine monument or the execration of posterity. In the former event we might say, as in the case of Wren, circumspice, look round every resort where one or two tourists are gathered together. Picture postcards are to be deplored because they have killed the habit of graceful letter-writing in which our ancestors indulged. They have also made it impossible to buy decent photographs of the various places we visit. But, on the other hand, they provide us with rough recollections of our travels at a very cheap price, and, if we do not receive so many descriptive letters from our wandering friends, we may count upon a greater number of tokens of recollection. On the whole, perhaps, there is no reason why we should be seriously angry with the inventor of a habit which has just contrived to escape being a serious nuisance.

Our recent publication of a letter written to the Directors of the Franco-British Exhibition by a seventh

standard Fulham Council schoolboy has fairly set the inhabitants of that cosmopolitan suburb by the ears. The matter is to be brought to the notice of the School Managers, and by them to that of the County Council. Excellent. The original of the letter—the genuineness of which we took pains to verify before we published it—is at the service of the Managers. We have purposely withheld the boy's address, but if the *Fulham Chronicle* goes on throwing doubt, through its interviews with the local schoolmasters, upon our good faith in the matter, we shall have to disclose the exact identity of Master "Jamas Pearce."

Our readers appear to be extracting a full share of enjoyment from the perusal of our weekly budget of schoolboy "howlers," the name with which we dignify those slips of the infantile mind and tongue which their instructors, who probably made equally funny mistakes in their own nonage, delight in sending round to the papers. The funniest part about it is, though, that in the majority of cases it is the teachers themselves who are to blame. When you come to examine the nature of the average howler, you will find that it generally derives its point from being closely allied to the correct in sound, and yet differing in one or two letters in such a way as to give it quite a different meaning, or even to deprive it of meaning altogether. Most of us were taught at school that the equator is "an imaginary line running round the earth." When one remembers the slip-shod manner in which English is spoken, even by the lads of Eton and Harrow, it is permissible to excuse the school-board youngster who wrote: "The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth." Of the same general type are "Charon was a man who fried soles over the sticks"—indeed, it will be seen that the only actual sound-error in this occurs in the word "fried," "soles" and "sticks" being simply alternative ways of representing precisely the same sounds as are found in "souls" and "Styx." "The earth's climate is hottest next the equator," is another of this species, which also includes: "The heart is over the ribs in the borax."

It will be clear in the first two cases that if the teacher had taken sufficient trouble to explain things to the children such mistakes would have been impossible. As they stand, they are exactly the blunders one would expect from a more than ordinarily intelligent parrot. Then there is the howler produced by the confusion of ideas, and it is not at all unlikely that we can trace in this, evidence of an attempt to teach too much. Others—perhaps more interesting—are traceable to general understanding of the principle coupled with inadequate or incorrect means of expression. Amongst these are, "Southampton is noted for exporting people to South Africa"; "Parallel lines, even if produced to all eternity, cannot expect to meet each other"; while the palm must be given to another geometrical definition which runs: "Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else." Juvenile ingenuity is frequently called in to the assistance of the puzzled questioned one, often with startling results. Thus it must have been a youngster who lived in a house lit by electric light who wrote: "Electricity and electric light are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches." Except that it could be applied to so many other things, the definition of the difference between air and water as being that "air can be made wetter, but water cannot," is irreproachable.

One of the Nottingham editors seems rather worried that nobody thought of proposing a pageant in that town till it was too late to arrange one, and that by the time somebody proposes one for next year nobody will want it. We don't like to see a man despairing about pageants in this way, and he is hereby recommended to cheer up. There hasn't been half enough pageants to go round up to now, and there seems no reason why Nottingham shouldn't have one all on its own as soon as ever it can raise the wind to pay for it. London would have had one this year but for the Exhibition, and it will have one next year without fail. We gather it is to be a sort of extra splendid Lord Mayor's show grafted on to the tail end of a Yankee circus procession. The crowd will assemble in their millions, the traffic will be stopped, the tradesmen won't do any business, the Judges will probably take another holiday, and our sainted policemen will be shouldered with additional burdens, all on account of this pageant foolery. And while the pageant is passing, some erratic female or other will start to climb up a lamp-post, only to be pulled down again by the nearest blue. Then she will wax wrathful, like the lady in similar case at the last Lord Mayor's Show. "Well," she said, "mebbe yer wouldn't believe it, but I've lived in London fer forty years, an' I ain't never seen naht yet."

More "howlers": "Luke-warm water is water that lukes warm, but isn't." "If 20 feet of an iceberg be above the water, all the rest will be below." "The little hyphen in bird-cage is for the bird to stand on, and is made of stick." "The head of the English Church is the Archipelago of Canterbury." "The first commandment is, hang all the law and the profits." "An oblique line is a horislantal line." "When you have a sore throat you must not eat solemn food." "The chief mountains of Scotland are Ben Lomond, Ben Jonson, and Ben Nevis, but Big Ben is in London." "A blizzard is the inside of a fowl." "Man is the only animal who can strike a light and blow his nose." "If you travel by train you get a ticket, which is made of paper, and the porter cuts a hole in it to let you pass through." "The reason the people were drowned by the Flood was, there were no sinks to carry off the water."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of July 25 and August 1:—

H. Cullen, 8, Rosebery Avenue, West Bridgford, Nottingham. (No. 12331—July 25th.)
J. W. Peel, 72, Winson Street, Dudley Road, Birmingham. (No. 71291—July 25th.)
Sidney A. Moore, 19, Gotha Street, South Hackney. No. 57813—August 1st.)
H. G. Martin, 110, High Street, Bexley, Kent. (No. 29576—August 1st.)
Ernest R. Cull, 23, Forbury Road, Southsea, Hants. (No. 31849—August 1st.)
Jas. Lucas, 3, Trinity Crescent, Leith. (No. 39450—August 1st.)
Wm. Arthur, 39, Wood Street, Burton-on-Trent. (No. 105909—August 1st.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Aug. 8:—

118; 1056; 14285; 16333; 16900; 28294; 29751; 33144; 35353; 39699; 44591; 44666; 45461; 45946; 51300; 54833; 55703; 57363; 61895; 66056; 69152; 74842; 75087; 77211; 78396; 82062; 88445; 98740; 99755; 100331; 101830; 108,913; 109049; 111266; 112474; 115883; 116112; 117592; 118056; 119329; 123830; 124633; 124918; 125030; 131215; 132270; 132789; 136433; 142509; 142846.

Initial noughts should be disregarded, but final ones are, of course, reckoned.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our issue dated October 17th (Published October 15th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "of the total number of births registered, six were of persons over sixty years of age, two of these having attained the ages of seventy-one and seventy-four respectively, three of the remainder were of children under three years old,"
THE *HOWDENSHIRE CHRONICLE AND POCKLINGTON WEEKLY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for a "smart baggage-man. Must be willing or useless,"
MR. COLEMAN DAVIES, OF SCUNTHORPE,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "a gentleman travelling from Euston to Glasgow fell out of another train near Rugby yesterday,"
THE *BIRMINGHAM DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing Pontius Pilate as a Jew,
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "nearly 6,000,000 tons of material" have already been built into the new "Dreadnought,"
THE *DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying, "I have recently lost my good little wife, but should I again marry I hope to do the same,"
"WIDOWER," IN THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing a big brass instrument "as a bassoon" which is a long wooden instrument of the reed species,
THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "tooth brushes should never be used until the bristles begin to loosen and fall out,"
THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Scotch oat-cakes are made from wheat,"
THE *CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that in a 120 yards race the winner won by 150 yards,
THE *SPORTING LIFE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For heading a report of the departure of an Antarctic expedition with the words "OFF TO THE ICY NORTH,"
THE *NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in reply to a question from the coroner as to whether a certain family were "strong teetotalers, or anything like that?" "No, sir, they are quite respectable,"
A WITNESS AT THE NORTH LONDON CORONER'S COURT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a memorial to Admiral Sir George Somers has just been unveiled," and that "the Admiral, who was born in 1554, was unable to be present at the ceremony,"
THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "over 30,000 helpless little quails were burnt alive in their cages, but it will be some consolation to bird-lovers to know that the fumes from the burning woodwork mercifully killed the majority of the quails before the flames could reach them,"
THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "Children's hair cut with clippers—and a toy 1½d.,"
MR. M. MORRIS, OF PLAISTOW,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

TWO PIANOS.
TWENTY BICYCLES.
ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
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SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
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FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS, OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
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ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY, AND GIN.
ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED GEESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed below, and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned, on a similar basis, amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in Coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others (to be shortly announced) will apportion the Gifts, and their decision is to be final.

COUPON.

To be posted to, or left at (singly or in any quantities), JOHN BULL Publishing Offices, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., not later than six o'clock on the evening of December 15th.

I have sent, or handed, a copy of JOHN BULL to

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with whom I am personally acquainted, and have recommended him (or her) to become a regular reader of it; and in the event of my securing one of your Christmas Prizes, I am prepared, if requested by the Prize Committee, to give any further information which they may reasonably require.

Name .....

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Write distinctly. .....

NOTE.—This coupon may be cut out of the paper you send or hand to your friend or acquaintance. 12/9/08

THE "SPIRIT PHOTO" FAKE.

REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.

How We Photographed a "Spirit."

Probably the most remarkable series of "spirit" photographs ever taken have been procured in Leeds, and the results, which we reproduce to-day, reveal one of the best known mediums in the country in the very act of perpetrating one of his impostures.

The medium is Mr. Chambers, formerly of Middlesbrough, and at present residing at Morpeth. Chambers describes himself as an engine minder, but he finds it lucrative to desert his engine at frequent intervals in order to humbug devout spiritualists at fees varying from a guinea to 35s. per night.

Copyright.

The Medium under the Control of "Lottie."

A short time ago a select circle of admirers in Leeds induced Chambers by means of a substantial fee to give a materialising séance in the private house of a respectable citizen, who need not be more closely identified than by the statement that he lives in a large house near Woodhouse Moor. The result was all that could be desired by the most devout of believers. There were twenty-five persons present, and nine or ten visitors from spirit land appeared. So confirmed were the believers in their faith that they were consumed with missionary zeal, and determined upon the conversion of some of the sceptics among their friends, and a second séance was arranged.

This séance took place a short time ago, Mr. C. S. Best, of Leeds, undertaking the delicate operation of photographing any celestial visitors that might appear. The skill with which he discharged this task has resulted in an exposure of fraud, which not even the most simple-minded spiritualist can ignore.

The Séance Room.

Shortly after seven o'clock on the appointed evening the guests assembled at the house. They were thirteen in number, of whom five were ladies and the remaining eight were members of the sterner sex, including a well-known Leeds clergyman of the Church of England. In a corner of the room a cabinet had been constructed by placing a board across the top and stretching green curtains across the front, the curtains being divided in the middle. A plain bamboo settee formed the only furniture inside the cabinet, and on the settee was placed a small bell so that the "spirits" might signify their presence by ringing. While Mr. Best arranged his cameras some of the party took Chambers into an adjoining room and searched him as thoroughly as the dictates of courtesy would permit. They certainly found nothing upon him in the form of drapery, though he was wearing two shirts, a grey one, a white flannelette one underneath, and a chest protector of the red flannel type edged with white.

A careful examination of the photographs on this page will, among other things, show why no drapery was found. The "spirit's" wrappers were evidently ironed flat, and carefully concealed in the lining of one of his garments, and in the photographs the crease can easily be seen. The chest protector was destined to play an important part in the farce.

Returning to the séance room, eleven of the sitters formed a horse-shoe "circle" by joining hands.

The Séance Begins.

The medium having entered the cabinet, lights were lowered till it was impossible to distinguish more than just the dim outline of one's neighbours. The only light permitted was that of a small red lamp.

Two full-plate cameras were used, and both were exposed the whole time with different lenses and at different angles, so as to procure two impressions at the same moment.

"Sing, please," murmured one of the ladies, an old spiritualistic hand and a devout believer. We commenced to sing, and while the strains of the hymn rang out from our little circle, we could hear the deep breathing of the medium.

"He's going into the trance," murmured the lady.

"The spirits collect the fine material from which the forms are built up from the sitters," explained the experienced lady in a loud whisper; and she added, "you can hear them building the form up inside the cabinet—I can hear them now, I think."

And true enough we could just hear a faint rustling as though someone was carefully shaking out a folded piece of linen.

Suddenly there came the faint tinkling of the bell, and we paused breathlessly. But nothing happened.

"Is there too much light?" asked one of the sitters, and three sharp notes on the bell gave an emphatic "Yes," according to the spiritualistic jargon. The tiny glint of light was still further lowered, and then there peeped cautiously from the cabinet a white-hooded head with a face deeply shrouded.

"Come forward, dear," murmured one of the ladies in coaxing tones. But the spirit was cautious, and after peering round carefully in the gloom, withdrew again.

A Spirit Appears.

"Sing again," exclaimed the lady, and we sang. The result seemed to inspire the spook with confidence, for suddenly the curtains opened and a figure, white-robed, white-hooded, bent as with age, and with face invisible, stepped forth.

"Come, dear spirit," murmured one or two of the ladies.

"Is there anyone you love here, dear spirit? Come forward. Don't be afraid. We are all your friends here. Touch your loved one, dear spirit," were murmured in tones that must have touched even the hardest of spookish hearts and must have convulsed the man who was humbugging the circle.

"Touch your loved ones," pleaded the ladies, and the spirit moved round touching two or three.

"Will you touch me?" I asked, stretching out my arms, and a shadowy hand was stretched out in the darkness by the spook. It was rough and hard like a workman's.

A boot creaked slightly, and in an instant the spirit returned into the cabinet.

Then we sang again, and by and by there came a deep guttural voice trying to talk in broken Italian.

"It is the Signor," joyfully exclaimed the ladies, and the bell tinkled as with satisfaction at the recognition.

Copyright.

The Medium posing as the Spirit of "The Signor" or Master Spirit.

"The 'Signor' is his chief guide," said someone. "He does nothing without the advice and help of this spirit."

"Will the Signor stand just half a minute to be photographed?" asked Mr. Best, and the bell rang three times.

The Spirit Photographed.

A blinding flash followed as the photographer touched the flash powder with which he was prepared, and for half a second the "Signor" stood revealed.

In that half second some of us noticed that while the lower part of the face appeared white and indistinct a strong moustache very like the medium's was visible, and a red cap—the colour of a chest protector—was on his head.

After, there came a thin, squeaky voice, which was said to belong to "Lottie," informing us that Lottie would speak to the "gentleman that take the photograph."

"Hush! The spirit of Lottie is controlling him," said someone, and we "hushed," while the medium explained that great spiritual power was needed to stand the shock of a photograph, and that faith and patience were necessary to a proper understanding of the mysteries that had been revealed to us.

What the Camera Revealed.

Then with a few spasmodic jerks the medium came out of his trance and we hurried off to develop the photographs.

They revealed an imposture, the cold impudence of which has rarely been equalled.

While the singing was going on the medium had undressed himself. His bare legs are easily seen. Unwrapping his carefully folded sheet he had enveloped himself in it, holding the folds in his mouth and concealing his right hand, which possesses only one finger and a thumb.

Most ludicrous of all is the Italian Signor's cap, which is none other than the medium's chest protector. To get an apparently commanding stature, the medium is standing on tip-toe.

OLD AGE.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

We hear a great deal about the indecency of the present generation in omitting to pay the respect due to old age. But I have often asked myself what quality is possessed by that unsavoury and unsatisfactory period of life to entitle it to any special consideration. When faculties are disappearing, when eyes are full of rheum, when heads grow bald or white, when legs totter and hands become like claws, we may pity the helplessness of the victim and even consent to pay taxes for the provision of pensions. But that is a very different thing from humiliating ourselves and bowing down to a cripple or following senile advice.

The Arrogance of Age.

Most people seem to think that, because they have lived for an unduly long time, they must have accumulated vast stores of wisdom and experience in proportion to their opportunities. As a matter of fact I believe very few people learn anything new after they have grown up. By the time a man is thirty he has acquired settled habits, and he usually goes on living in a groove without adding to his store of knowledge, You do not often hear of an adult beginning to learn a new language or acquiring a new art. As a rule he is content to chew the cud of his early experiences and fortify the prejudices of his youth. Those prejudices are utterly unsuited to modern requirements. How can a person whose mind is imbued with mid-Victorian notions be of any use as an adviser in the turmoil of to-day? The same rules of life do not apply, and it is silly as well as idle to argue that because something was considered admirable half a century ago, it is of the faintest value at the present moment. Yet you see old men stroke their face-moss and swell out their paunches and assume the most insufferable airs on every occasion. Old men do not wait until their advice is asked. If they did, they would probably never open their mouths at all. They push their red, moist noses into the business of their juniors and betters, they pry and argue and mumble and maunder until it becomes a standing wonder that they are still suffered to be at large.

The Power of the Purse.

Of course, one reason why we are so helpless against them is that they have the control of the cash. The man who in his youth was probably a spendthrift and a runagate is usually the very person who bullies his children most wickedly and hoards his ill-gotten savings in the most miserly manner. How is it possible to make a manly stand against an old fool who can cut you off with a shilling or discontinue your allowance at a moment's notice? You have simply got to bow and grin and fawn and flatter until every particle of self-respect is hammered out of your system. You are forced to agree with the most preposterous and antiquated notions, to praise bad wine, to dissemble all your generous impulses. When I get into Parliament I shall bring in a bill to deprive people of all their property automatically upon their reaching the age of fifty-five. Whatever wills they may have drawn up within the previous five years shall be nullified and all their goods and chattels shall be distributed as though they had died intestate. Of course some provision will be made to keep them fed and clothed and housed, but only so long as they order themselves dutifully and respectfully. It will be their turn to do the flattering and defer to the superior wisdom of the young. I am not sure that it would not be a good plan to shut up all the old folk in separate establishments, where they could only bore each other by fighting all their foolish battles over again.

Old Anecdotage.

Perhaps one of the greatest curses of age is garrulity. When two or three paleozoic persons are gathered together there is no rest for their tongues. They will drivel away for hours on the most tedious topics without conceiving a single new thought or adding one ray to the brightness of human intelligence. I know of nothing more exhausting than having to listen to their reminiscences. They never seem to have read anything since Dickens, and, as a rule, I find that he is their favourite author. They will quote some meaningless parrot-phrase attributed to Sam Weller or Mrs. Gamp or some other vulgar impossible creation of the kind, and cackle over it as though it were excruciatingly funny; or they will tell you how they once saw a bishop eat a pork-pie or heard the Duke of Wellington remark that the weather was infernally hot. They have no sense of proportion and no sense of humour. You may tell them your most amazing adventures or lavish upon them your merriest quips, but they will only reward you with a stony, incomprehensive stare.

The Absurdity of Age.

Of course, if they had any sense of humour, they would recognise their own awful absurdity and retire at once into the outer darkness. To begin with, their appearance is invariably ridiculous. Their mummified faces, their shuffling walk, the whole exhibition of all the ravages of time would be a huge joke but for its ghastliness. And instead of attempting to make the best of things and hide their deformities, they persist in rigging themselves out in grotesque costumes which can only have been fashionable at the period of Noah's Ark. But perhaps they are most ludicrous when they permit themselves to give way to the tender passion. It never seems to occur to them that they can no longer be loved for themselves, and they go on flirting and coquetting and slobbering over young females with the inevitable result that they are made fools of. As a rule proverbs are the idiotic expression of palpable untruths, but I must make an exception in favour of the immortal verity that there is no fool like an old fool. Young men sometimes make mistakes about the sincerity of the sex; old ones always do. If they retained a glimmer of intelligence, they would surely be aware that no sane healthy young woman could ever want to hug or caress them. But they usually fall a prey to any designing minx with an eye on their cheque-books. She has only to ogle and beck and indulge in wreathed smiles and they come off their perches at once and become her abject slaves. An old man will roar with laughter at any one of his contemporaries who falls a victim in a similar way, but he fondly imagines that his own case is quite different and that he has in some miraculous way retained the charms of his youth. This is an additional reason why he ought never to be allowed to have any pocket money. He would then learn very quickly to appraise himself at his true value.

The Cowardice of Caducity.

After all, I do not know why I am scolding the aged for an absurdity which they cannot help. If they would only resign themselves to their proper obscurity, instead of trying to bounce their betters, I should be quite content to leave them alone. But when they try to interfere in matters which they are incapable of understanding, it becomes high time to protest. They are, moreover, specially useless and dangerous and offensive when they thrust themselves into the sphere of public life. Among the many arguments in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords there are, perhaps, few so convincing as the senility of its members. But meanwhile the House of Commons is not so young as it should be. How on earth any self-respecting constituency can deliberately elect as its representative a person who has passed the prime of life baffles even my intelligence to explain. It is not so much a question of the foolishness of age, for most political persons fail to shine intellectually. It is a question of courage. Among the first of the human faculties to pass away is that of intrepidity. An old man is never enterprising, except, perhaps, when he has to deal with a pretty woman. He has no fire, no fight, no recklessness, no love of forlorn hopes, none of those engaging caprices which impart a romance to life. Everything is cold, deliberate, cautious, calculating, and therefore dull. The Lord may teach our senators wisdom, but I should sing Te Deum much more vociferously if He would endow them with courage.

The Doul of Decline.

What a horrible thing is old age! Death one can sometimes dodge, but how difficult a thing it is to struggle against the encroachments of advancing years. I have always hated autumn with its sere and yellow leaf, symbolising the decadence which is always menacing nearly every one of us. On a grey autumn evening, when affairs do not prosper so rapidly as I could desire, I sometimes feel myself very old. Then I wonder to myself how it will be possible to endure existence when the shadows settle down and all my glorious virility has been destroyed. I suppose I shall then have to celebrate the centenary of John Bull by compiling a terrific onslaught upon the inexperience of youth, the folly of recklessness, and the brightness of the evening of my days.

THE DISPOSSESSION OF MR. STUBBS.*

By Arthur Leverett.

John Stubbs was the freeholder of a small shop that had gradually become surrounded by some of the smartest and most expensive flats in the city of Westminster. He had seen his old neighbours one by one disappear, tempted by the advantageous offers made them by a wealthy syndicate; he alone had stood out against the alluring inducements offered.

One day, standing in his doorway, contemplating the surrounding magnificence, he chuckled to himself; a happy idea that might hasten the course of events had entered his brain.

He realised that his position was a strong one, and that his snug little property was a gruesome eyesore to his aristocratic neighbours. Doubtless when they gazed from their windows, they were interested to read Mr. Stubbs' announcement that he was in immediate need of 50 tons of rags, and that he was prepared to give the highest market price for rabbit skins, and that mysterious commodity "Kitchen stuff." On another delightfully showy placard, the worthy proprietor was depicted gracefully passing a handful of gold over his counter to a lady in a wondrous hat and grass-green gown, in exchange for some cast-off clothing; pictorially conveying to the surrounding gentry, that those desiring to dispose of their discarded habiliments, would meet with the most generous treatment at his hands. Furthermore, to give his neighbours every chance, he had made personal calls amongst them, leaving some very dirty cards announcing his benevolent intentions.

Shortly after this last trade effort, a very portly gentleman, in a white waistcoat, called at the obnoxious emporium. Seated in the back parlour, Mr. Stubbs' visitor came straight to the point.

"Now, Mr. Stubbs, no doubt you feel a trifle out of your element now that so many of your old friends have left the district."

"Well, Sir, there's something in what you say, but then there's corresponding advantages; between you and me, now them flats is up, I'm expecting a bit of a boom in the 'cast-offs.'"

"There's a very bitter feeling against you, Mr. Stubbs, and I may tell you that your personal visits have not been relished, Sir."

"Well, they ain't been returned up to now."

"Hark, Sir, I am authorised to make you the very handsome and final offer of £1,500 for this little bit of a place. It's a deal of money, Sir, but my clients are disposed to be generous. With that sum, Mr. Stubbs, you could retire in the country, and take a very snug little public-house, eh?"

"It's true, I might, Sir, but then again 'ome is 'ome, be it never so 'umble. Five and forty year, man and boy, have I lived in this place, and my 'eart clings to it."

"That's all very well, Mr. Stubbs, but you and I know that this business is not what it used to be, now is it?"

"No, Sir, it ain't, but you see that there stuff in the corner in that old bath?"

"Ah, yes, some kind of fat, eh?"

"You've guessed it. Fat. There's thirty or forty pound of it there, if there's an ounce. Now only the other morning when I was casting my eye over the stock I was suddenly brought up in front of that fat with an idea.'

"An idea? Sell it!"

"Sell it? No, Sir. Fish! Fried Fish!"

"You don't mean to say that you'd fry fish here?"

"Ain't got no other place to fry it in, 'less you'd like to lend us your droring-room."

"But, good heavens, man! you can't expect high-class people like those living round here to buy your fish?"

"Well, Sir, 'ardly, but there's the back streets. There's a chap as I knows of, he's got a shop very like this here; when the wind blows from the east, all the smell goes west, and it does him no good; but when the west wind comes along, it's a bit of all right, ten bob a night extra for 'im."

Throughout this discourse the portly gentleman had been rapidly losing his temper, now he rose from his chair and refusing an invitation to 'take a cup o' tea' bounced out of the shop with the parting shaft, "You shall hear more from me, Sir." To which Mr. Stubbs' only response was "Ditto."

. . . . . .

A few days after this, the hearts of the flat dwellers beat high with hope. A cart drew up before the marine store, and the whole stock in trade was taken away; after which a hoarding was put up, and the advent of the housebreaker was joyfully awaited. During several days hammering and sawing went on behind the screen, and the whole street was agog to know the meaning of it. At the end of the week the hoarding was cleared away, and a groan went up to the sky. Mr. Stubbs had tastefully adorned his window with festoons of bloaters, and "Fried Fish, from 12 to 2, and 7 to 12," stood out in all its hideous nakedness; but not until evening was the whole horror made manifest.

. . . . . .

Major Bunker, who occupied an elegant suite of rooms in the corner block, had just sat down to his dainty 7 o'clock repast; he had only taken his first mouthful, when he stopped and sniffed the air.

"It's that infernal cook," said the Major, jumping up and ringing a furious peal on the bell.

After a short interval, during which the Major strode up and down, the cook appeared, with a startled look on her face.

"What's this infernal stink, cook?"

"I haven't noticed it, Sir."

"It's some beastly fat in the kitchen, it must be."

"There ain't nothing burning, Sir, there."

"Damn!" said the Major, throwing up the window, and thrusting out his head.

Then he realised the position of things, and Mary retired while he gave adequate expression to his feelings. She only emerged from the kitchen when she heard the door bang, and knew that the Major had gone to his club.

. . . . . .

Mr. Stubbs, leaving his assistant in charge of the frying, came to his doorway to watch the effect produced. The wind was not a business one, but despite this, he was in a merry mood; a rich oily smoke was blowing up the street in clouds, and as he stood there rubbing his hands, he heard windows being hastily shut in every direction.

"Ha!" said he, "this business won't last a week, they'll have to come down handsome now."

His first customers were two small boys, who each bought "a penn'orth and a ha'porth," took it away in paper, and promptly sat down to eat it in the doorway of Abbey Mansions.

The next morning when Mr. Stubbs was busily cutting up fish for the day's trade, he became conscious of a presence behind him, and turned, to see the gentleman in the white waistcoat; his face lit up, but he tried to conceal his joy.

"Pleased to see you, Sir," said Mr. Stubbs.

The old gentleman shook his head, he realised his utter defeat.

"I'm sorry it's come to this," he said.

"Oh, don't be sad about it," said Mr. Stubbs, cheerfully.

"We can't afford to let you remain here, Mr. Stubbs; we have had seventeen notices already, besides which Major Bunker (a most violent man) has made an appointment with me for three o'clock, and I dare not meet him until I can give him some good news about you."

"Very kind of him, tell him I'm jogging along nicely."

"Don't jest, Mr. Stubbs, this is a very serious matter, and my clients have resolved to come to your terms; £2,000 was the figure you mentioned?"

"Guineas, I said, Sir; but there, I wouldn't be hard on a Syndicate."

"I have the papers with me, Mr. Stubbs, for you to sign, and my clients trust that the business may be concluded to-day, so that the nuisance may at once cease."

"Come into the parlour, Sir, and the thing's done."

Mr. Stubbs, having carefully perused the document produced, affixed his signature. "Well," said he, "that's done all nice and friendly like; the place is yours and I'll throw the fish in, and you needn't fry it unless you like."

The old gentleman, who had cheered up wonderfully, made straight for Abbey Mansions, the seventeen notices were revoked, windows were re-opened, and even Mr. Stubbs himself was almost forgiven his past offences.

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Hennessy please

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting," by Lady Charlotte Bury (Lane: 2 vols., 21s. net), is a handsome reprint, with eighteen excellent pictures, of a book which created a great scandal last century. Unfortunately, it has now lost its interest and can only appeal to people who have leisure for studying the minuter details of history.

"Israel in Europe," by G. F. Abbott (Macmillan: 10s. net), is an exhaustive account of the chosen people from the earliest times to the present day. It is, perhaps, somewhat heavy reading, but is well worth studying carefully. The author writes in a sympathetic strain, and, therefore, finds it difficult to give a satisfactory explanation of the universal unpopularity of Hebrews. Their aloofness and arrogance and incapacity for assimilation account for much, but not for all. Even when Jews are humble and servile, they usually receive more kicks than halfpence. "There is no rest for Israel. It is safe to predict that for many centuries to come the world will continue to witness the unique and mournful spectacle of a great people roaming to and fro on the highways of the earth in search of a home." Why is this?

Everyone who is interested in coloured prints (and who is not?) will make a point of acquiring "George Baxter, His Life and Work," by C. T. Courtney Lewis (Sampson Low: 6s. net). The artist's life is less interesting than his work, and I confess to complete indifference as to whether "Baxter was a good husband and father." But Mr. Lewis writes with intelligence about Baxter's place in English colour-printing, and the catalogue of prints will be useful to collectors, particularly as Baxter's works are going up in price. My only regret is that the book could not be illustrated with coloured prints.

It is always a puzzle to me when I find that the author of a very dull book has already had several others published. This is the case with "The Black Bag," by Louis Joseph Vance (Richards: 6s.). Has he degenerated, or is the public losing its critical sense?

"The Disinherited of the Earth," by Mrs. Henry Graham (Rivers: 6s.), is mildly amusing at the outset, then violently tragic. There is a Lady Verrier who assembles her children in the drawing-room on Sunday mornings for what she calls a "weekly talk." This is how she begins: "Well, my dears (Ada, sit up; Gerald, don't fidget)—well, my dears, what shall we talk about to-day?"

> She laid an emphasis on *to-day*, as if the conversation of last Sunday had been of such deep and abiding interest that that of to-day was something to be looked forward to.
>
> Dead silence, whilst the clock ticked loudly, and Lady Verrier looked at them inquiringly. Gerald was understood to murmur "Ferrets," but was promptly suppressed by withering looks on the part of his sisters.

Then her ladyship decides that her daughter Ada shall be prepared for confirmation by a governess who is secretly a Roman Catholic. "It will be quite a little distraction," says Mademoiselle, "in all kindness and sincerity, endeavouring to turn the girl's thoughts to the brighter side of life." Ada runs away with a painter, marries him, is disowned by the tyrannical old Puritan, is left a widow with a beautiful child, and heroically makes a living by dressmaking. When her daughter grows up and is about to go wrong, she poisons her. Finally, there is a grand reconciliation between Lady Verrier and Ada in prison, and Ada's death-sentence is commuted. It is all exaggerated and improbable, but dramatic.

"The Wolf," by J. E. Buckrose (Hutchinson: 6s.), is quite striking and original, but the plot would be difficult to describe. My readers must read it for themselves. The "Wolf" is the fear of madness, which is compared to a hungry beast sniffing at the door and trying to come in.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher writes so well that I am surprised to find him contributing the material to a sort of glorified guide-book, called "The Enchanting North" (Nash: 2s. 6d.). It is, indeed, a marvellous half-crown's worth, though the numerous illustrations do not do justice to the text. However, they serve their purpose in making one wish to ramble about the North of England.

"Heather," by John Trevena (Rivers: 6s.), "forms the second volume of a moorland trilogy, the first of which, dealing with Furze as representing the spirit of Cruelty, has been published. Heather, which flourishes only in pure air and sunshine, and blossoms again though it is torn by winds, seems to represent the spirit of Endurance. The author hopes to complete his work with 'Granite' as representing the spirit of Strength." It is very long, very ambitious, and somewhat confusing. I shall be surprised if many people have the patience to read it.

"Rollin Stone," by Ernest R. Suffling (Greening: 6s.), is sufficiently described by the sub-title: "The adventures of a young Englishman on a slave estate; during a whaling voyage; on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, and while living with the natives of Manihiki in the South Seas. (Period, 1816-24.)" I must protest against the growing habit of writing enormously long books and printing them in very small type.

"The Ancient Law," by Ellen Glasgow (Constable: 6s.), is about a prodigal son who turns over a new leaf. It is quite readable, and rather better than the usual American novel.

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OUR HOLIDAY GUIDE.

III.—MARGATE.

By L. E. F.

There is no town in England which possesses such an individuality as Margate. The very name typifies all that is characteristic of English life, English ways, and more especially, the holiday-making methods of London-on-the-Spree. Other towns there are, endowed with enviable features, which year by year attract an admiring clientèle: one there is which possesses such tonic properties that aged fishermen (according to the advertisements) leap over puddles—so full of ozone do these toilers of the beach become. Granted all this, the fact remains that a Londoner's education is not complete until he has been to Margate and seen that which is to be seen there, and there alone.

Merry Margate.

Margate is universally known as "merry," and is also described sometimes as being "cheap and cheerful"—which is a round-about way of saying the same thing. As for its merriness, there can be no question, for it stares one in the face everywhere; but as to its excessive cheapness there is room for doubt. The prices charged for rooms on the front or "within three minutes" of the same do not strike the newcomer as being ludicrously low; and there are occasions when, upon the settlement of the bill, the merriment is entirely confined to the landlady who presents it. Margate landladies, by the way, are all widows, and it is comforting to think that the price charged for "taking in" trippers leaves a margin of profit for these bereaved females wherewith to face the winter and its anxieties.

Margate Air.

The air of Margate is its greatest asset and is generally admitted to be the finest in the world. Go up in a dirigable to any height you like, and you will get nothing better. A frivolously-minded visitor might, if asked to sum up in two words the good points of Margate, revive an ancient wheeze dating back to late Victorian days and say "there's 'air." (Readers from the north of the Tweed will treat this sally with the contempt that it deserves.) The air is Margate's very cheapest line, for the visitor may obtain an abundance of it every day and all day, and for nothing—simply breathe, Margate does the rest.

Margate Marriage Market.

Marriages, it is said, are not made on earth at all; however that may be, the preliminary *pourparlers*, in a great number of cases, take place at Margate. At all hours and in all places (sometimes most unexpectedly) the amorous victims of Cupid's marksmanship are to be found. The place is a veritable Bisley for this gold medallist in the Archery world. It is at Margate that Sid (of Upper Clapton) for the first time feels the ecstatic rapture of the tenderest of all emotions steal upon his responsive soul; and it is upon these shores that he avows his passion to Gladys (of Stoke Newington) who, on her part, coyly admits a chaste affection for her entranced wooer. They embrace, and the shades of evening find Gladys' fair locks reposing on Sid's shoulder; and later on, the fair one appears with an engagement ring bearing upon it the legend "Mizpah," while Sid's pocket is the fatter for an ornate tobacco pouch embroidered with forget-me-nots. These events take place mostly at the Harbour-end of Margate, but Cliftonville the Select is not a stranger to them, for it is there that Hermione and Arthur enter upon that roseate path that leads to the publishing of banns. It must be the air.

Margate Music.

The attractions of Margate are many, beginning at the railway-station and continuing for more than a mile along the coast. There are entertainments of all kinds upon the sands given by Dandy Coons and Smart Serenaders. Then there is "Lord" George Sanger's palatial Hall-by-the-Sea, which boasts one of the largest dancing saloons in the United Kingdom, and which is a veritable godsend to visitors in wet weather, as both afternoon and evening, variety entertainments are kept going. There are also three band stands run by the Borough of Margate Fêtes Committee, where talented companies delight their audiences with really high-class entertainments at a nominal charge. Photographers place their art at the visitors' disposal for a trifling consideration; upon the sands people dig with a ferocity which fills the professional wielder of the shovel with compassionate interest; there is the pier to walk upon, a Lilliputian harbour to throw things into and, above all, there are orchestral performances at all hours.

Cliftonville Customs.

At Cliftonville life proceeds at a more leisurely pace, the strenuous tone is not quite so pronounced as it is at Margate proper, where the day's pleasuring begins at six in the morning, and continues till closing time. The routine at Cliftonville comprises a bathe in the morning, a bout at golf in the afternoon and a brief three hours of bridge in the evening. The ladies appear in gorgeous gowns, while the youths are garbed in the latest confections of sundry Metropolitan sartorial artists, who provide their patrons with that felicitous combination of City prices and West End cut which it is the aim of fashionable men to obtain.

Margate and Moses.

No account of Margate, however brief, would be complete which did not deal with what is really one of the most striking features of the natural history of this place of many charms; for it is here that the Children of Israel are gathered together in such numbers that it is impossible to believe that ten tribes of them have been lost. On Sunday—the day following Saturday that is—the Front is alive with them. They are there in equal numbers on Mondays, presumably, but one does not see them. Such dresses, such costumes, such figures! One marks the silken-clad Sara as she sweeps by under the escort of young Cohen, who, in his masculine way, is equally resplendent; one notes Miriam as she rustles by in moreen attended by Josephs junior, whose cigar is of the biggest, and whose diamonds sparkle in a manner to bring tears to the eyes of an eagle. The parents of the young people follow, and they too are worthy of respectful admiration, inasmuch as they indicate what the physical future of their offspring is likely to be. There is something about Kosher diet that induces plumpness, and the best authorities are agreed that the lean and hungry Cassius was a Gentile. Many of the lodging-houses display notices printed in Hebrew; for the Merry Widows of Margate are not to be deterred by a mere difference of language.

Margate and Marathon.

Margate's trams, of which there are many, are the slowest in the world. This is not due to an insufficient supply of electrical nourishment to their underframes, but to the snake-like path which they have to pursue along the streets. The trams "run" to all sorts of places, but the pace is not much more than that of a canal-boat, and it is certain that if there were a Marathon race for trams the coveted laurel would not decorate a Margate brake-handle. Sometimes the cars break away down a particularly steep portion of road, but the pace is too hot to last, and is generally arrested by some deserving ratepayer's shop-front, conveniently situated for that purpose.

An Imaginary Island.

Margate, by the way, is on an island—the Isle of Thanet, to wit, this at least is the contention of various geographers and savants who have studied the question. It is, however, a very unobtrusive island and one can return to town by train without the trouble of transhipping, or the use of ferry-boats. The authorities are proud of Margate's insular position and emphasise it as often as possible; but only experts can locate the encircling girdle of water which is essential to the existence of an island.

Dipping and Digging.

The bathing at Margate is of the highest order, while there are not wanting experts who declare the paddling there to be second to none, so lavishly has Nature bestowed her gifts upon this portion of the Kentish coast. The life of a Margate crab must be well-nigh unendurable during the summer months. Hordes of children delve in the sand for these humble occupants of the foreshore, what time their elders leap up and down in the sea, and make existence hideous for crustacean life. No doubt, well-informed crabs shake the sand of Margate from their claws, and depart in dudgeon to the more remote depths of the Channel to think it over; the only alternative is to stay and run the risk of exhumation by some youthful Darwinian followed by vivisection of a sort that makes its sufferer think very furiously indeed. Still, the greatest good of the greatest number is a wholesome maxim, and the children assuredly outnumber the crabs. As far as the bathers are concerned, they are of the ordinary seaside order, continually bobbing up and down, and loudly screaming if the bobber is of the voteless and more emotional sex. Certain hardy spirits there are who proceed beyond their depths into Neptune's realm, but even these stalwarts seldom pass beyond the range of unassisted vision, and prospective Channel swimmers do not seem to be in evidence. However it is all a very jocose affair, like everything else at Margate.

Margate and Mecca.

At the end of the allotted span of freedom—a fortnight as a rule—Margate renders back to London her sunburnt citizens: they return regretfully but full of health, and possessed of a fixed determination to go there again. The seriously-minded Arab's greatest wish is to go to Mecca—another very sandy resort; his London cousin seeks (and finds) solace at Margate, and who shall say that his choice is a bad one?

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Nearly every reader of a newspaper is more or less interested in Stocks and Shares, but, unhappily, until the inauguration of the National Share Exchange transactions were almost invariably attended with ill-luck. Readers who have dealt in the "House," as the Stock Exchange is called, have found out that when shares rise profits are eaten up with brokerages, contangoes, commissions, stamp duties, registration fees, and so on, whilst when shares go down they never know how much they may lose, simply because their liability is unlimited, and the Broker can make demands upon them without restriction.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Mr. Gates, First Mate, Mail Steamer "Dover," Calais.

MY GALLANT SIR,—I want to tell you how much I appreciate your conduct in leading the volunteer crew of the *Dover* to the rescue of the crew of the *Pilen* in that terrific gale in the Channel. The hour, it is said, brings the man. Your captain called for the man, and your voice first answered. With you over the side of the *Dover* went others not less heroic than yourself; and through the hell-fury of that pitiless sea you guided the *Dover's* lifeboat to the doomed vessel while your companions bent to the oars.

For awhile it seemed to the anxious eyes of those who watched your terrific struggle forward to the *Pilen* that not only would you never reach your goal, but that you would never return alive. Their cries of alternate hope and despair did not reach you through the furious crash and roar of the gale. They saw your boat disappear in the troughs as into a bottomless pit, while above you hissed and curled the onrushing, leaping, mountains of the sea. Their hearts beat fast; then all but ceased to beat. Their faces were blanched with the poignant tragedy of the scene. But presently they saw the boat again, with its strong, brave, purposeful crew still swinging to their oars.

Cheers once more rang out from the *Dover's* deck as the passengers watched you driving your boat nearer and nearer the *Pilen*, only to change to cries of terror as two of the crew of the sinking vessel jumped overboard in the agony of their suspense and fear. In a few moments cheers again challenged the furies for a hearing on the waters, for the passengers of the *Dover* saw your buffeted boat rescue first one and then the other from the waters. Undaunted, you and your companions again headed for the *Pilen*, took off the remaining members of the crew, and returned to the *Dover* amid cries of joy and welcome.

Sir, of such men as you and your crew England must always be proud, and I trust that whatever honour is within the power of the King to grant in acknowledgment and reward of your splendid gallantry will be conferred upon you. In the meantime, accept my highest admiration and warm greeting, with my assurance that your name shall at once be placed on the roll of England's heroes of the sea.

JOHN BULL.

To Harry Lauder.

DEAR HARRY,—I am always very glad to hear of anybody who can make £20,000 in twenty weeks, but it is a bit strange, isn't it, that a fortune is so easily and rapidly made by merely dressing up as a Scotchman, making a few grimaces, and singing a few silly songs, while all manner of brilliant men fail to obtain any such reward for their genius after toiling all their lives? I do not want to be a wet blanket, but I sometimes feel sorry that the public should be prepared to pay such disproportionate sums for buffoonery and for serious services to humanity. All the same, I suppose that, like everything else, it is all a question of supply and demand. We all like to be amused, and most of us are indifferent as to whether we are edified or not. Still, I should have thought you were not the only person in the world capable of grinning successfully through a horse-collar. Let me know all about it. It seems to beat journalism.

JOHN BULL.

To Galloway Fraser, Esq., J.P., Chairman of Magistrates, Brentford.

MY DEAR CONFRERE,—What a remarkable capacity of judicial perspective you have acquired to be sure! If I am not mistaken, you were appointed to His Majesty's Commission of the Peace as a reward for the great services you have rendered to *Tit-Bits*; and though this may not be regarded as one of the highest qualifications for sitting in judgment upon your fellows, I was hopeful that it might prove a useful one.

I regret to say that the way you dealt with a case which demanded your attention the other day somewhat disappointed my hopes in this respect. John Lee was seventy-five years of age. He was also unable to find work; likewise he was hungry; and needing something to keep the life in his old bones he went into an Isleworth orchard and stole six penn'orth of plums—proprietor's valuation. Now I should have thought that this was just one of those cases where a magistrate, balancing humanity and plums in the scales of justice, would have felt himself able to discharge the workless and hungry old man with a caution. But this was not your view. You considered the plum trade in all its bearings. The heinous nature of the crime struck horror to your heart; and to mark your sense of its enormity, you sentenced the aged prisoner to three days' imprisonment. Then as he was passing downstairs it suddenly dawned on you that perhaps, after all, you had done something less than justice between our Sovereign Lord the King and the man who owned the plums. Wherefore you called Lee into your august presence again, and—doubled his sentence; or rather, to be strictly correct, you increased the punishment to seven days' imprisonment. I do not gather that, in consideration of his being unable to find work, you ordered him to hard labour, but this is probably an omission on the part of the reporters. I instinctively feel you are one of those magistrates who, when he does a noble action, does it thoroughly. You could hardly fail to miss the fact that seven days' hard labour for a hungered man of seventy-five would be a boon and a blessing. Continue the fearless and humane discharge of your high duties, and you will receive your reward hereafter. Meanwhile, I shall take the liberty to watch your earthly progress in that sphere of life to which it has pleased the Lord Chancellor to call you.

JOHN BULL.

To Hayes, New York.

DEAR HAYES,—Sorry to hear you do not like kissing, even by your emotional countrywomen, but you will have to get used to it now that you are recognised as a notable athlete. But what did you mean by saying that you were not "a bargain counter"? I do not profess to understand your language, and a counter seems a strange place for the exercise of osculation. Even so, the bargain would not be a particularly hard one if the embraces were received in the same spirit as that in which they had been tendered. Perhaps you are a counter-attraction to the sales.

JOHN BULL.

To the Countess Poulett.

DEAR COUNTESS,—Congratulations, but it is becoming an epidemic. Soon the House of Peers will be composed of the offspring of the stars of the stage. We shall expect to see noble lords indulging in breakdowns and comic songs instead of playing at legislation. That, at any rate, will be an advantage, and you deserve our thanks for your contribution towards this solution of a constitutional difficulty. The only thing I want to know is why there was so much secrecy about your wedding, seeing that nobody seems to have had any objection.

JOHN BULL.

To Frank Richardson, Esq.

DEAR FRANK,—I am glad to see that you are working so strenuously in your great crusade against the evils of face-moss, though you would perhaps be more logical if you allowed me to remove the toadstools which still disfigure your upper lip. And if you could persuade your friend Mostyn Pigott to sacrifice the orange ammonite with which he lightened the darkness of Southend, he might hope to qualify as a more appropriate judge of male beauty. No doubt it is not necessary that the driver of fat oxen should himself be fat, and the arbiter of manly grace need not himself be an Adonis. All the same, I think that as a matter of principle you should have insisted upon the exclusion of the Hirsute, or disqualified them at the outset. Still, you appear to have had some good fun and a good advertisement, and I hope you will continue your campaign for the taxation of whiskers. The idea should prove a gold mine for Lloyd George.—Yours to a hair,

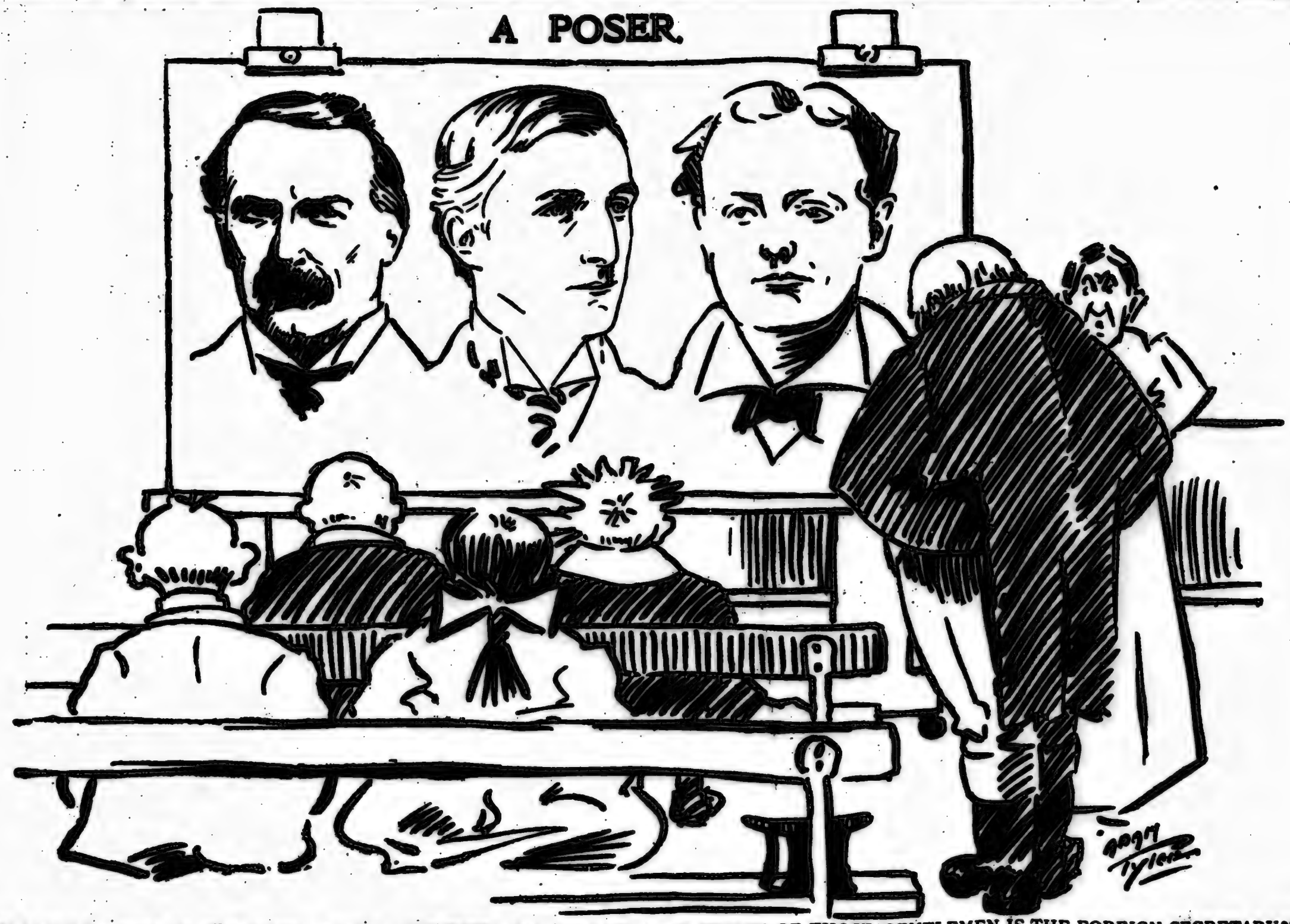
JOHN BULL.

To Henry J. Wood, Esq., Promenade Concerts, Queen's Hall.

SIR,—You are certainly one of our ablest and most indefatigable conductors—no, I don't like this word, and will call you *chef d'orchestre*, or, even better, *kapellmeister*. But do you happen to know the French dictum, "*Perdrix, toujours perdrix*"? Partridge is, without doubt, a delicate and succulent dish, but if put before you too often, it loses its charm. So does music, even the best of it, including Wagner and Tschaikovsky. There are many great composers who do not find even a corner in your programmes—Berlioz, Massenet, and others. You may not personally like their style, but others may. You make music not for yourself, but for yours truly,

JOHN BULL.

A POSER.



THE SQUIRE *(visiting the village school)*: "NOW, CHILDREN, CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH OF THOSE GENTLEMEN IS THE FOREIGN SECRETARY?"

IN THE CITY.

THE OUTLOOK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The prosperity of the Standard Bank is so inseparably bound up with the prosperity of South Africa, that a reduction in its dividend for the second time in twelve months is a matter for no little concern. For many years, in fair weather or foul, the Bank's distribution to its shareholders was at the rate of 16 per cent.—sometimes more, but never less. Twelve months ago, however, a reduction to 14 per cent. was announced, and for the past half-year there is a further dropping off to 12 per cent. It is scarcely a case of the mighty having fallen, for even the last-mentioned figure is an excellent return as safe investments go. But the shrinkage does attest with eloquence to the commercial stagnation prevailing throughout South Africa. The mitigating circumstance is that the Standard Bank is run on lines of extreme caution. That it will resume its profit-earning on the old scale with the turn of the tide, is as certain as the advent of quarter day. But that its directors have had, even temporarily, to descend to a 12 per cent. distribution, indicates to what a parlous condition South Africa has been reduced.

The hope is that South Africa has seen the worst of its troubles. There is certainly encouragement in the news coming to hand by mail and cable. Whether relating to business or to agriculture, the reports from all quarters are reassuring. And since the gold-mining industry is now flourishing as it never flourished before, it is perhaps safe to regard the future with confidence. Those who have had long experience of South Africa say it is a country of marvellous recuperative powers. Moreover, they read in the efforts of the different Governments to bring about "Closer Union," the near approach of a brighter era. The same spirit of hopefulness is manifested by many of the leading South African merchants. Such weighty opinions are entitled to be received with respect. But to restore the normal after a protracted period of stagnation will necessarily be a slow and tedious process. While, therefore, endorsing the belief that the prospect is big with promise, we would deprecate any attempt to exaggerate the immediate possibilities.

If this view needed either confirmation or justification it would be found in the report of the Commission appointed by the Transvaal Government to consider the question of indigency in the Colony. The Transvaal, as we know, is the pulse of South Africa. When the shoe pinches there, the pressure outside must be abnormal. When the problem is to find food and employment for numberless human derelicts in the land of gold, it is obviously a duty to check that optimism which is recklessly blind to practical considerations. The findings of the Commission referred to are not calculated to inspire enthusiasm, nor yet to provide a solution of the necessitous condition of the army of "out o' works." Frankly, the Commissioners have been careful to adopt a non-committal policy. They tell us that the indigency in the Transvaal is due (*a*) to the attitude of the white man towards manual labour, and (*b*) to the mistaken traditions of the farming community with regard to the ownership and uses to which land should be put. For the first main cause, they find themselves unable to recommend any course which would enable the Government to act with good result. But it is their conviction that the authorities can move to advantage so far as the rural indigency is concerned.

As an instrument intended to afford immediate relief, the report is of entirely negative value. To leave the remedy for unemployment in the hands of the unemployed is tantamount to shelving the question. Again, to suggest that if the rural population will cast aside the shackles of tradition, the Government can do something to help them, is to proffer advice the benefits of which it will take years to inculcate. As to what constitutes the chief contributory cause to the widely spread indigency in South Africa there can be no manner of doubt. It is trade depression having its origin in the unfortunate war, and aggravated by vain endeavours to force the commercial pace after the declaration of Peace. The Transvaal Commission, no doubt, did its work thoroughly and conscientiously, but its members were saddled with a more or less hopeless task, and their failure to discover a specific for troubles arising from purely financial causes in the beginning will not occasion surprise. Their report, however, is of signal service in so far as it suffices to remove the impression, prevalent in some quarters, that in the near future, South Africa will again be a land flowing with milk and honey.

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SOVEREIGN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT CORPORATION.

We have frequently warned our readers against having anything to do with this concern. We now learn that on June 14 last a Debenture was granted to Richard W. Heard, the secretary of the Company, for £100, there being a prior charge of £100, as appears in the particulars of the registration. Thomas Clowes, of Leeds, held a policy under which he had a claim for schemes amounting to £7. and for which he sued the Corporation in the County Court in Leeds, and although the Corporation fought the action, judgment was given against them, and the claim and costs, amounting to £9, or thereabouts, not having been paid, execution was issued with the result that the bailiffs reported a prior execution and distraint for rent under which sufficiant has not been realised to discharge both. Clowes has since recovered a further judgment for £8, but there is little chance of payment. Clowes is not a man of means, and has been at considerable expense; and it is really monstrous that this company should be living out of the moneys of persons who are not in a position to move the Court for a winding-up order, and even, if they did, would find there were no assets.

THE "THRONE" NEWSPAPER, LTD., 1908.

We have before us the prospectus of the company which has been formed with a capital of £25,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each for the purpose of acquiring the *Throne and Country* from its present owner, Mr. William Lotinga. The prospectus is pleasantly frank. It admits that "the paper is not paying to-day, and that it has never actually shown a profit any single week" since Mr. Lotinga bought it. But since he has owned it it has been greatly improved both as a newspaper and a business proposition, and Mr. Lotinga is very confident that he has "the nucleus of a huge commercial success." Mr. Lotinga considers that an additional capital of £7,500 will "place the paper upon a paying basis," and of this amount he is prepared, if necessary, to provide £2,500. Subscriptions are invited for 7,500 ordinary shares. There are no debentures, charges, or preference shares ranking in priority to the shares now offered.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

"John Bull, Limited."—We regret that it is at present impossible for us to go into any details respecting the scheme of the company about to be formed to take over this journal. We can only say that we shall endeavour to make the issue a model one in all respects, and that our readers and the newspaper trade will come before everyone else.

Provident Association of London.—F. F. (London).—We know of no way in which you could dispose of two bonds upon which you have paid £13 each per annum for three years. There is no surrender value until you have been paying for five years, and it would be very difficult to obtain an outside purchaser. S. W. (Mitcham).—Your case seems hard, but you have only yourself to blame, since you took up a 30-year bond knowingly, and if you are unable to keep up the payments, as you undertook to do, you cannot complain if the association gives you no more than the surrender value it undertakes to give.

London-Scottish Stock Exchange.—Ikona (Chatham).—(1) Take our advice and throw all circulars from outside stockbrokers into the fire. (2) Sell the Natal shares on the first opportunity.

Chartered Company.—W. J. S. (Great Marley).—We think the shares at their present price much above their value, but it is quite likely they will go better.

Sundry Banks.—E. C. (Manchester).—All these concerns are banks only in name. They are really money-lending shops. As to whether you should borrow from a money lender or "privately," we can give you no advice without knowing the particulars of your position.

Loan on Life Policy.—A. B. C. (St. John's Wood).—Of course, the lender would take the money due upon the policy if you had not discharged the debt. Under the circumstances you describe we cannot advise you as to how to get the loan.

Cunliffe, Russell and Company.—H. L. M. (Torquay).—We satisfied ourselves a year ago that this firm's business is respectably conducted. They are the largest Continental dealers in Premium Bonds. We know nothing of the other institutions you name.

Waring and Gillow.—W. M. M. (Brighton).—Hardly worth while selling the preference shares at the present price. Better await the report and accounts.

Farrow's Bank.—T. G. B. (Harringay).—We think you will be quite safe in dealing with this institution.

House Purchase.—G. G. (East Ham).—You have omitted to enclose the circular giving us the name of the company.

The International A.B.C.—G. F. R. (Middlesbrough).—If you have the opportunity of selling, we advise you to do so.

Peruvio Nitrate.—F. T. (Westbourne Park).—We think you should be content with your present holding.

National Model Dwellings Company.—Mountain Ash (Miskin).—We think there is little probability of any material change in the price in the near future.

BANKING ACCOUNT.—R. W. B. (Margate).—An introduction is necessary.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—G. B. (Manchester).—We have gone very carefully through the correspondence you send us and we cannot see that the London and Paris Exchange are to blame in the matter. We do not agree with you that your letter of August 10th made it clear that you wished to open a transaction in August "futures" and close it in September, nor do we see that the Exchange could have carried out your order on the Saturday, seeing that it was a Stock Exchange holiday. We return the correspondence. PLUMBER (Plymouth).—(1) You will be quite safe in buying Premium Bonds through this firm, but we are no authorities upon this class of investment. (2) Quite safe. R. S. C. (London).—Ditto. C. S. (Brooklands).—They are the leading firm of "Outside Brokers." You must, however, exercise your own judgment as to opening dealings.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—A. H. (Edinburgh).—We have no reason to doubt that small deposits with this bank would be safe, but we do not recommend extensive transactions. Such high rates of interest as they pay cannot be earned without incurring considerable risk.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—DAISY (Sunderland).—You say you sent the company £1 1s., which they deny having received. If you sent it, you can, no doubt, prove the sending. Why not do so? Then you are behind with your payments, and they threaten to cancel the bond. They have the right to do so. You seem to have consulted a solicitor, who has told you that you have no case against the company. He has, no doubt, advised you correctly.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—BULLITE (Bristol).—We cannot advise you to join it.

NATIONAL TELEPHONE DEFERRED SHARES.—L. M. (Great Clacton).—The information given you in the extracts you send us is substantially correct. These deferred shares are an attractive speculative investment.

PATENT FOR TYRE.—W. H. A. (Plumstead).—You should submit your invention to some firm interested in the industry. Before you could get financial assistance you would, of course, have to satisfy those to whom you applied that your invention is of commercial value.

MISAPPROPRIATION OF MONEY.—A. R. B. (Pendleton).—Civil proceedings would mean throwing good money after bad. Criminal proceedings would probably mean a term of imprisonment for the rascal, but it would be costly to you. We fear your better course is to write off the transaction as a bad debt. We will expose the man and his dealings when, as promised, you let us have the further particulars.

THE GRESHAM ASSURANCE COMPANY.—R. S. (Peckham Rye).—We cannot answer for what the company would do. You should put your case before it.

BRITISH HOUSE AND LAND ASSURANCE COMPANY.—E. H. (Liverpool).—We have no information.

WALDORF HOTEL.—INQUISITIVE (Walham Green).—Any stockbroker would give it to you.

CHINESE GOLD LOAN.—W. Q. T. (London).—Yes, quite safe.

BROKER'S COMMISSION.—GREENHORN (Battersea).—We see nothing unreasonable in the charges. Even a broker must live. There is nothing unusual in having to wait "about three weeks" for the certificates. The fact that you bought through your bankers should be sufficient to satisfy you that they will be delivered in due course.

NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE OFFICE.—F. B. (Manchester).—We have no reason to doubt it.

SIGNING OF CONTRACT.—J. S. (Birkenhead).—We cannot advise you without seeing the documents you signed.

COTTON OPTION.—C. F. B. (Manchester).—We will make inquiries.

INVESTMENT BROKERS.—F. W. E. (Hornsey) inquires as to the status of "Monelles," investment brokers, 27-28, King William Street, E.C. Perhaps some reader can help him.

FARROW'S BANK.—CENTRAL (London).—Quite respectable.

BRITISH HOME: CERTIFICATE.—E. N., of 19, Bridge Street, Long Eaton, Derby, has a £350 certificate for sale. He has paid £33 10s., and would be glad to accept any reasonable offer.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—H. R. (Bayswater).—We are given to understand that deposits will be returned in full, but we must await further developments.

BRITISH UNITED INSURANCE CORPORATION.—H. S. (Woolwich).—We are much obliged to you for your statement respecting this concern. We have frequently advised readers not to deal with it.

BAMBROUGH, LIMITED.—F. H. C. (Leeds).—We have your letter, but we cannot go into the matter unless you can send us some corroboration of your statement.

SOUTH ATLANTIC TRADING COMPANY.—G. R. N. (Bletchingley).—We are obliged by your letter, in which you say that Mr. T. C. Kerry was "charged at Sydney with losing his yacht, and also had trouble with the Colonial Office in the matter of parcels entrusted to him to take to Tristan d'Acunha." But it is only fair to remember that on both occasions a jury unhesitatingly acquitted Mr. Kerry, and the judges who tried the cases made it evident that they agreed with the verdict.

MCDONALD AND CO.—F. L. T. (Market Harboro').—Have nothing to do with these people. B. B. (Bath).—Ditto.

THE GRARLESS MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY, LIMITED.—J. K. (London).—We are afraid your shares are of little or no value. We return the certificate.

BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY.—A. P. A. (Dublin).—We think you could get the shares at a lower price than the figure you name.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS' INSURANCE SOCIETY.—T. (Swansea).—It does a large business, but we cannot recommend your joining it. We do not know the value of the founder's estate. Presumably it was large.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM INSURANCE COMPANY.—NEW READER (Peckham).—This company has now been merged in another. We fear your five years' payments are gone.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—F. W. M. (S. Woodford).—It has been carrying on operations for some years. F. A. B. (Bath).—It is quite a respectable company.

PREMIUM BONDS.—TORCH (Harringay).—If you wish to sell your bond, you should communicate with the Credit Lyonnais, Cockspur Street. WHITE THISTLE (Manchester).—Ditto. PENMAN (Guernsey).—See previous answer. NIMROD (Gillingham).—The company you name is in liquidation. MRS. A. E. C. (Tower Bridge Road).—If you have the bond and wish to dispose of it, you should communicate with the Manager, Credit Lyonnais, Cockspur Street, S.W. LANE (St. Ives).—You will get the results of the drawings from the "Bondholders' Register," of 2, Nicholas Passage, Nicholas Lane, London. W. H. (Nottingham).—See previous reply. AJAX (Spalding).—Ditto. COLONIAL (W. Hampstead).—If you wish to sell your bond, communicate with the Manager, Credit Lyonnais, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—MARGIN (Manchester).—We never advise dealings of the kind you mention. J. McG. (Barrhead).—See previous answer. UNBIASSED (Coalville).—We do not take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising dealings. H. A. C. (Acton).—We never recommend dealings "on the cover system." BULLIONIST (Leeds).—We cannot advise dealings. W. S. (Liverpool).—We do not care to take responsibility in advising dealings with either of the firms you mention. H. W. H. (Plymouth).—We cannot take upon ourselves responsibility of recommending dealings, although no complaints have reached us concerning the firm in question.

DUNDERLAND IRON AND ORE COMPANY.—ANGLINERS (Berwick-on-Tweed).—It would be an extremely speculative purchase. The company deserves success, but it has great difficulties to face.

ADVANCE TO COMPLETE CONTRACT.—W. J. P. (Manor Park).—We daresay there is money in it, but we regret we can be of no service to you in the matter.

MANICA COPPER SHARES.

We have already advised holders of these shares to **SELL.** The price has gone down but we still say

They shou'd be SOLD.

Our reasons for this advice are not as has been insinuated for the purpose of buying cheap shares, but are given to enable our clients to get out at a profit while they can, as we know the present price is artificial and

They will go much lower.

Ask the Directors the following questions and insist upon **direct**, and do not take evasive, answers:—

(i.) What Cash has the Company got?

(ii.) What is the earliest possible date when a return can be obtained?

(iii.) Get the fullest particulars of the recent Debenture issue.

(iv.) Can the Directors honestly say that they have enough Cash or prospects of obtaining Cash to avoid the necessity of **Reconstruction?**

Get these answers and then judge for yourself if our advice is likely to prove correct.

Americans.

In October last we recommended **United States Steel Common** at **27½.**

In December last we recommended **Union Pacific Shares** of **118**

Was our advice correct?

We now say these **should be SOLD.**

The Kaffir Market.

As we prognosticated in April last prices have materially improved, but in our opinion the time has come for

Caution.

We get good information, and shall be pleased to give advice.

All dealings in Stocks and Mining Shares are transacted at Net Close Prices; free of commission; whether for immediate settlement, Fortnightly Stock Exchange Account Day, or for Three Months Forward Delivery at Special Quotations.

LONDON & PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE,

LIMITED,

Share Dealers and General Bankers,

40-42, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

Telephones: 4710, 4711, 4712, Wall.
Telegrams and Cables: "Forthcoming, London."

HART FINDALL.—BULLIN BAR (Bristol).—Not very bright.

JOHNSON, JOHNSON AND CO.—TEA (Portishead).—We have no information.

JOHN BLAND AND CO.—P. W. (Pontyffynon).—If the facts are as you state, then Messrs. Tracey Miller have put themselves within the grip of the criminal courts, and you should let them know it. We know nothing about John Bland and Co.

VALENTINE AND SONS, LIMITED.—R. J. C. (Keswick).—We think another solicitor would be more suitable.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. W. T. (Merton).—We advise our readers not to insure with these American companies, as you never know where you are with them, and British policy holders have no sort of control over them; but we have no reason to suppose that this company is not able to meet its obligations.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—A Lieutenant-Colonel, who writes to us from Brighton, has the following remarks upon this company:—"I paid £3 for call option, Trunk III., to Mr. Toubarene, 317, High Holborn, manager of the above-mentioned company. I exercised the call at a small profit of £15. I am now quite unable to obtain any satisfaction in the shape of the money due to me. Comment is superfluous, but I should like to warn the public, through your valuable columns, of the treatment they are likely to receive if they entrust their money to Mr. Toubarene."

OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—W. R. P. (Southsea).—As we have frequently said before, we cannot recommend this Trust unless and until Mr. Taverner sends us the opinion of an actuary of authority to the effect that it rests upon a sound basis.

ARMSTRONG, HILTON AND CO.—PATIENCE (Wellingborough).—Send us all the correspondence.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—A READER OF JOHN BULL (South Bank).—We should continue the payments.

W. WHITE AND SON.—H. A. (Woolwich).—We have received no information respecting this firm or their "sureties."

ALBION ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. A. (Birmingham).—We cannot recommend it. As to another—if you would tell us precisely the kind of insurance you want we will do our best to advise you.

CONGO STATE BONDS.—T. H. F. (Coventry).—They are given in the "Bondholders' Register."

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, LTD.—Green (Watford).—We know nothing to the contrary.

TWO MINING COMPANIES.—J. J. T. (Glasgow).—We cannot advise you to purchase the shares of either.

SYRACUSE SMELTING WORKS OF CANADA.—A. W. (Merton).—Our advice to you is to decline the offer.

PAYNE'S CASH PHARMACY.—CAN any of our readers give us information about C. Payne, chemist, 47, Fulham Road, S.W.?

MUNICIPAL BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. H. (Latchingdon).—(1) It is a sound society. (2) Cargo Fleet shares are attractive as a speculative purchase at their present price. (3) We cannot advise you to increase your holding for the purpose of averaging in Spencer Santos and Co.

PURCHASE OF PREMIUM BONDS.—R. H. F. (Liverpool).—The people you name charge about 25 per cent. more than the market price of the bonds.

LONDON ATLAS PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—H. W. C. (Willesden).—We think so.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—PARATUS (Folkestone).—We regret that we can be of no service to you in the matter. Yours is, of course, an *ex parte* statement, upon which we are not justified in assuming that you have ground of complaint against the Association; but a solicitor would advise you, and if you have you should seek your remedy in the Law Courts.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—REGULAR READER (St. Pancras Road).—The answer is in the negative.

GENUINENESS OF BONDS.—H. W. W. (Westcliffe-on-Sea).—We cannot answer your question unless you let us see the bonds.

BANTOCK CONSOLIDATED.—JESON (Ilkeston).—Yes, you should communicate with the secretary. Until the shares are registered in your name you cannot do anything with them.

NEUTRIOLA COMPANY, LTD.—W. C. (Crewe).—It is not an investment we should have recommended. Indeed, we have frequently advised readers to have nothing to do with the company. As to getting your certificate, since you have failed to do so upon repeated applications, we can only suggest the services of a soliciter.

THE SCOTTISH ACCIDENT LIFE AND FIDELITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—PANSY (Burton).—We know of no reason why you should not accept an agency with this company. It was established in 1877, and transacts accident, motor-car, and burglary insurance, and also ordinary life business. It was announced in the annual report, dated March, 1907, that the directors were then arranging to transact fire insurance, to be "restricted to home business on safe and conservative lines."

BRITISH MOTOR DUPLEX ENGINE SYNDICATE.—MOTOR (Kingsley).—We advise you not to accept the offer of the Motor Share and Investment Trust.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.—G. C. H. (Wealdstone).—We cannot advise you to risk your money in this concern.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT.—W. L. (Rhondda).—We have your letter, and will make inquiries into your complaint. S. E. A. (Exeter).—Clause A means, we presume, what it says—namely, that sick pay will not be granted unless the member asking for it is confined to his or her house. That may or may not be a reasonable condition, but there it is, and those who insure with the society should master the conditions before becoming members. J. H. (Southport).—Persons who want answers to their letters must not be insolent. H. W. (Southport).—We will look into the matter and write you further later on. A. W. C. (Trowbridge).—We are inclined to think so. H. M. (Morfa).—We are communicating with the society upon your letter. A. K.—You have omitted to send your address. We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence upon the subject. Write to the general manager again, and say you do so at our suggestion, and let us know the result. I. T. W. (Cardiff).—Give us the names of the people who can claim, and we will inquire fully into the matter. We are still without any evidence of fraud in connection with the other concerns you mention.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—J. W. H. (Forest Gate).—Have nothing to do with the man who sends you the circulars. D. (Drumcondra).—See previous answer. J. B. (Glasgow).—Send particulars of your claim to the Official Receiver, Companies Liquidation Department, Carey Street, W.C. T. S. (Sheffield).—Whilst the matter is sub judice we prefer to say no more than that, so far as we are aware, there has been no fraud. But we note what you say in reference to the other firm, and shall be glad to know of any specific case of complaint. Bear in mind that we never advise any reader to avail themselves of these patent methods of money-making. W. S. (Balham).—The Official Receiver will deal with your claim. SIKH (Montrose).—Ditto. PUZZLED (Kelsall).—Ditto. W. P. (Wimbledon).—Up to the present we have no evidence of any "frauds." Nor has Scotland Yard. H. B. J. (Kensington).—We can only refer you to the Official Receiver, Carey Street, W.C., in whose hands the liquidation of the International Securities Corporation has been placed. If you have actualy received the bonds and wish to dispose of them you should communicate with the manager, Credit Lyonnais, Cockspur Street, W. J. H. L. (London).—You have failed to observe that this company is now in course of liquidation owing to the Court having held that the sale of Premium Bonds is a contravention of the Lottery Act. F. I. (Crombran).—If you wish to dispose of your bond you should communicate with the Credit Lyonnais. J. M. (Greenock).—We can only refer you to the Official Receiver, but we are afraid even he will not be able to give you any positive answer as to whether your bonds are available for some little time. This seems to be a very complicated business

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

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[JOHN BULL Coupon.] .....

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

SEPARATION ORDERS AND IMPRISONMENT.

We have had many letters from readers of the paragraph in which recently we directed attention to three separate cases in which men have been sent to prison again and again for failing to pay to their wives separation allowances ordered by a Court of law. Of course where a wife has obtained a separation order, and the husband has been directed to a pay a certain weekly sum for maintenance, he cannot complain if, being able to pay and failing to do so, he is brought before the Court he has treated with contempt and punished. But in the cases to which we directed attention the men were unable to pay, and in other cases brought to our notice since our allusion to the matter, there has been the same inability to pay, and the men have gone to gaol from no fault of their own. Some County Court Judges seem to make no sort of inquiry into the circumstances. It is enough for them that they have made an order which has been disobeyed. They are not influenced by the fact that the man is out of work, that the wife is earning money enough to keep her in comfort, that the record of the man is good, that the wife is moved by vindictiveness rather than need. With them it is pay or gaol. The man goes to gaol because he cannot pay; whilst he remains in gaol the arrears accumulate, though he can earn nothing; he cannot hope to get employment directly he leaves prison; the wife may apply for another committal order directly the husband has become a free man once more, and, incredible as it may appear, the Judge grants it. It is most monstrous.

THE HAPPINESS OF BANKRUPTCY.

We read in the *Morning Post* of September 3rd that during the hearing of a case in the Vacation Court, counsel urged that it would be a terrible thing for his client to be made bankrupt. Mr. Justice Eve said that many people appeared to dread being made bankrupt. His own experience was, however, that "when once they took the plunge they really liked it very much. They seemed perfectly contented, ate, drank, and slept well, and wore the best of clothes." We suppose this was intended to be satirical, but it seems to us to be one of those remarks which would be much better left unsaid. How does Mr. Justice Eve know that men who "dread" being made bankrupt "really like it very much" once they have "taken the plunge"? That may be a true enough description of certain bankrupts, but not of those who "dread" the Bankruptcy Court. They dread it because bankruptcy is associated with pain to others, humiliation to themselves, oftener than not disgrace and ruin. Is it for a Judge of the High Court to make light of these things, and to be quoted as one who describes bankruptcy as rather a pleasant experience than otherwise?

OLD AGE PENSIONS ACT.*

This is the first book on the new Act which has been published. It enables the layman to master, without excessive effort, the provisions of the Old Age Pensions Act, 1908, and it gives the text of the regulations thereunder. It gives the circulars and other matters relating to Scotland and Ireland, as well as England, and at pp. 114 to 117 will be found a list of authorities in England by whom Pension Committees will be appointed. It contains some specially useful notes on nationality, and sets out on page 118 the full text of the Naturalisation Act, 1870. Mr. Casson has produced a very useful handbook. It is of handy size, and its cost is only 1s. net.

SOME LEGAL QUERIES.

MONEYLENDER'S CONDUCT.—DEMOCRAT (Wigan).—You have an undoubted right of action against the man for libel. We return the documents and advise you to consult a local solicitor, mentioning our name.

DAMAGE BY WATER.—WESTALL WALTER.—You do not give your address, and we cannot, therefore, deal with your question which relates to your liability for a burst water supply pipe.

ADMINISTRATION ORDER.—G. W. T. (Manchester).—We are much obliged for your letter. You will see that a statement on the lines of it was made in a recent issue.

DEALING IN PLATE.—H. W. R. (Islington).—A probate sale such as you mention is not such a dealing in plate as requires a licence. It might be otherwise if you habitually bought and sold such articles.

CHANGE OF NAME.—PAN (Brixton).—No legal formality is necessary in order to change your name, and all that the person need do is to announce by advertisement and circular to all he comes into relation with that henceforth he will be known by the new name. You will often see advertisements in the newspapers, and all you need do is to copy one of them, and adapt to your own case. Sometimes a deed is executed and deposited and enrolled in the Court of Chancery, but this is not necessary.

INSURANCE CLAIM.—J. B. (South Wales).—Unless the Scotch company you mention has an office in England, you cannot sue them here, but from what you say the branch office which you had on their behalf would seem to be a sufficient address at which to serve a summons. You should try this, and they will probably pay you the arrears due to you when they see that there will be publicity. You should also communicate with the Board of Trade, London, and ask whether the company is under any obligation to deposit any money in this country, as security for the policy holders.

*Old Age Pensions Act, 1908. By William A. Casson, Barrister-at-Law. Published by Chas. Knight and Co., Ltd., Local Government Publishers, 227-235, Tooley Street, S.E.

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SHAVING STICK
Covers a Multitude of Chins.
Greater luxury and ease in shaving than that afforded by the "ERASMIC" Shaving Stick is impossible. The British and Best Soap, which yields a free, creamy lather, and
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ENGLISH MAPS AT GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

Dining down Kensington way the other evening with a very well-known Army "coach" and prolific writer on military affairs, our after-dinner conversation turned inevitably to the one international question that among soldiers and sailors possesses just now a commanding interest in at least two of the world's empires. Discussing the regrettable position that seems to be slowly, but not the less surely, developing in the mutual relations of Germany and this country, my host, by way of illustrating the deadly serious manner in which Germany is preparing for the not wholly impossible contingency of a British-Teutonic conflict, quoted an instance which had come into his possession that very day through the intermediary of one of our officers who was present at the recent manœuvres of the Kaiser's superb Army.

The day before the commencement of the minor tactical exercises that invariably precede the "Grand" or "Kaiser's Manœuvres," the Under-chief of the Topographical Section of the Greater General Staff convened, at the Palace of the Stadtholder in Strasburg, a meeting of some twenty odd staff officers who were to direct the Intelligence Department work at the coming "Kriegspiel." "Intelligence" duties in any Army savour of a delicate, if not a mysterious nature—things not to be talked about among mere regimental officers. Thus we need not be surprised to learn that the proceedings of the meeting of a score of German Intelligence experts at the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine's official residence was held with closed doors. But the next few succeeding days English officers invited to the manœuvres could not help noticing that every now and then their appearance was the occasion of hastily concealed smiles on the part of their German hosts. One poor Royal Field Artillery Major, always a well-turned-out man either in war-paint or mufti, got it into his head that something was wrong with the eighth of an inch of linen that peeped above the collar of his patrol jacket. Other of our gallant officers took the first convenient opportunity of satisfying themselves that the beauty of their nasal organs was not set off by a spot of mud.

It is to be doubted if even now many of our military representatives at the Kaiser's mimic war game have any notion as to the why and wherefore for their German brother-warriors disconcerting risibility. One of our officers, more by good luck than good management, learned the reason. Having done so he came back with the news of it to our War Office, and here it is. At a certain period of the mysterious palaver in the Governor's palace, the Under-chief distributed to his Intelligence Department henchmen a number of plans of the field of the forthcoming operations. Nothing very wonderful about that? Certainly not; but what was extremely out of the common order of things prevailing at the previous manœuvres held in 1886 over the same ground was that the maps were in duplicate. Duplicates of what? Of a certain region of the manœuvring ground and of the county in which the wretched hop-pickers have been suffering so desperately from the ill-usage of the weather—that is to say, Kent. "Now, gentlemen," said the Under-chief, General of Brigade Von Sminitz, "you will pay special attention to these maps, and in using ours you will institute invariably a comparison with that of the English department of Kent. The *terrain* and artificial features present a remarkable similarity in both instances. Here you see is a wide area which is made exceedingly difficult for the passage of mounted troops and the *entappen* by reason of it being intersected with a multiplicity of hop-poles. Here, again, is a wide district covered with walled fruit-gardens. Taking the right bank of the Rhine as the coast of Kent, and Mulhausen as London, we find a route analogous in the matter of *terrain* and obstacles induced by the dominant industries, analogous, I make bold to say, to one of the lines of invasion which we shall commit ourselves to if need obliges in a war with England. These manœuvres may prove more instructive than any held since the never-to-be-forgotten days of our Fathers in France. Consider well these two maps and their silent teaching."

It is a good story, and it has the further merit of being absolutely true. We have no reason to feel cross at this latest revelation of Teutonic military slimness. The exact preparation for all the contingencies that affect the supreme test with a potential enemy is all in a soldier's day's work—at least in the case of the Kaiser's officers. S.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Fireside Manners.

It appears that a few sanguine folks had fondly expected great national changes to result to both countries concerned from the Franco-British Exhibition. For one thing, it was deemed that the politeness of French husbands towards their wives would be so marked a contrast to English manners, that for very shame the British hubby would make a frantic effort to mend his ways. Certainly the lack of courtesy that is all too often deemed suitable in a man's behaviour towards his wife is often a sad contrast to the gallant, graceful ways of the gentleman towards others' dames. But this state of affairs is often the silly little wife's own fault. A man's politeness consists so very much in trivial acts of self-sacrifice; it must often be a decided bore to have to renounce the "comfy" seat—to run around with tea-cups—to quickly bend one's spinal column and pick up dropped handkerchiefs, and so on. It is easy to understand a man's ready inclination to renounce these little ways in the privacy of the domestic circle, and in the early days of the change from formality to familiarity, many a devoted and adoring young wife sees but "true companionship," and "confidence in her love." But at all times a nice discrimination must be observed.

"Be wise in time, sweet Phyllis mine,
Have a care; have a care."

To allow "Him" to discard the ordinary attentions of any man to any woman is scarcely the way to retain your proud position of "Queen Among Women," in your husband's eyes.

Unquestionably, many a wife suffers keen mortification from the friendly rudeness she receives from her lord and master, even before her friends. Pride may prompt her to accept it all smilingly and complacently, but in her heart it rankles. Politeness will not take the place of the sterner virtues in life, but it is as great an addition to it, as cream is to strawberries. What did the worldly-wise Bacon declare? "Mankind is often more grateful for politeness than for real benefits." Husbands and wives both—read, mark, and inwardly digest.

Smart Sporting Women.

Not without good reason are the women of these little islands famed for the irreproachable smartness of their tailor-made "gets-up," whether it be for walking, yachting, or sports. Some of the ladies who have been in Scotland for the shooting this autumn, have appeared in the neatest and trimmest costumes—every button, every tie, evidently carefully considered. Plaids and tartans have come in for a large share of popular favour. One of the prettiest shooting costumes to be seen in a day's march was of dull green and black plaid, the front of the skirt consisting of a panel of plain green tweed, edged up each side with buttons of the material. The plaid cut-away coat with its tight-fitting sleeves had cuffs and revers of the plain material. It opened over a soft white flannel blouse, made with one neat frill, the throat encircled by a tie held in place by an eagle's claw brooch. The skirt only reached to the top of the broad-welted tan boots, which came more than half-way up to the knee. As the little lady nearly vaulted a stile, it was very evident that all useless petticoats had been discarded. Doubtless she was wearing well-cut bloomers of tweed, or of satin, or of a very fine and flexible make of leather that is in high favour just now with sportswomen. Another success in the same party was a "blue serge girl." Her skirt—equally short—but worn above black shoes and gaiters—was set into neat pleats all the way round. Her coat was cut to give the fashionable high-waisted effect, and trimmed by a somewhat elaborate yet unobtrusive design of black silky braid. It fastened over the bust with one cord ornament, just showing a manly white linen collar and crimson tie. Her hat was a blue stitched felt, encircled by a silk scarf with a short hanging end.

Concerning Cookery.

How many a housewife laments the difficulty of keeping butter fresh and firm during the hot weather of summer and autumn. Of course, a supply of ice works the trick to perfection, but this cannot always be obtained, and is certainly a little extravagant. The following method is simple and cheap. Melt half a tea-spoonful of saltpetre in a pint of water, and pour it into a fair-sized pie-dish. Put the butter in a jar, and stand the jar in the pie-dish, surrounded by the saltpetre water. Place a clean cloth over the top of the jar, letting the four corners lie in the water. Then keep it all in a cool, dark spot, and the result will be everything that can be desired.

How to Pickle Red Cabbage.

This proceeding may be done this month, when the vegetable is in its finest condition. Mind the selected cabbage has a firm centre, and is of a deep rich colour. Throw away the outside leaves, and then cut the remainder into delicate and dainty shreds. After spreading these out on a dish, sprinkle them with a generous allowance of salt, and let them lie thus for a day and a night. Then squeeze all the salt away—this cannot be done too carefully. Place the shreds in a jar, and over them pour cold boiled vinegar. After twenty-four hours tie up tightly and keep in a cool place.

A YOUNG MOTHER

Rheumatism, Quinsy, Maternity Weakness, Summer Chill—

To be *able* to work, to keep the home going, that is the one anxiety of the real workers, the men and women who *have to do things for themselves*—and are proud of it! Every worker dreads the thought of becoming a burden to others, and to the busy man or woman the gradual loss of *energy*, the feeling that they are getting less capable, is terrifying, for to them it means the end of their activity. It was this exhaustion of nerve force, this loss of energy, the feeling that she was not *able* to 'look after' her husband, her children, her home, that made Mrs. Browning try remedy after remedy, doctor after doctor, but not until she took Phosferine was the least benefit obtained. Mrs. Browning says that Maternity Weakness, Rheumatism in the head, and Quinsy, had all brought on Nervous Exhaustion, but a course of Phosferine entirely restored and increased her *energy*, making her feel vigorous and *able* to 'do things herself.'

Not a trace remains.

Mrs. Louisa Browning, 1, Westoe Rd., Town Rd., Lower Edmonton, writes:—"I had been suffering for some time with Rheumatism in the head, lately complicated with Quinsy, the pain was so dreadful it nearly drove me out of my mind and made me so weak and ill I was completely prostrated. I had been treated by two doctors, but to no good. My husband (who is a firm advocate of Phosferine, it having lately cured him of a bad attack of Influenza), persuaded me to give Phosferine a trial, which I did, and we were both astonished at the wonderful change. I rapidly recovered my usual good health and am now able to attend to my domestic duties, in fact, I feel another woman. After the birth of my little daughter, Phosferine proved most beneficial in helping me to get strong quickly. If any of my children are affected with summer chills, or the least out of sorts, Phosferine soon puts them right again."—June 27, 1907.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Nervous Headaches
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Brain-fag	Sleeplessness	Influenza
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Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

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Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

BULL'S EYES.

MORE CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS:—

"Now ready for the New Year—our waistcoat pocket dairy, price 6d."

"I have a large moose head; what have you? Exchange."

"To farmers—two half-legged cart mares, 16 hands; used to mowing machines."

"Horse, useful for fruit or fish cart, nearly new, complete, £5, cheap."

"Kitten wanted; happy home in Freethinker's family for pretty, playful kitten; much love; good food."

"Wanted—stout man for general jobbing and to attend to fires."

"Blank model laundry, under new management; shirts ironed on the new principal."

"Wanted, at Blank's factory—girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

"Nurse wanted; good needlewoman; to take charge of infant, who will help in housework."

"An acceptable wedding present—'The Coming Storm,' reproduced in colours."

A hooligan has attacked Sir W. S. Gilbert. His punishment ought to be made to fit the crime.

The man who married eleven wives is ten times a bigamist, not five and a half times as might at first appear.

Dr. Francis Darwin says plants have brains. That is why they don't talk!

"W. G.'s" latest "score." Three—not out.

An American writer says: "If our homes were in Paradise, we should need a holiday." In that case we should have to go South.

According to Mr. Brander Matthews, "the possibilities of growth and expansion still lie boundless before the English tongue." What a glorious prospect for M.P.'s and Suffragettes!

An airship has been seized in execution. Sheriffs' officers will now have to grow wings.

Submarine 49 has lost its white mice. Even a mouse will desert a sinking ship.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell says he would have no fear if the Bishop of London acted in the place of God. Neither should we.

A recent *Daily Chronicle* poster read:

"GREAT GIFT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.
BIGAMIST'S ELEVEN WIVES."

Having no Old Masters, we presume someone has given his old mistresses to the nation.

Suggested County Council bye-law: That all motorists more than twice convicted shall use only such alarm signal as gives a faithful reproduction of the porcine voice.

Colonel Bruce Vaughan says the best soldiers are made out of grocers' assistants. We have heard of gunpowder tea, and have no doubt that in an assault they would give the foe pepper.

"London's Large Gas Leak," reads a heading. Has someone been examining the meters?

SOME POPULAR AUTHORS:—

Coal-dealers are fond of *Weyman*.
Teetotalers prefer *Wells*.
Lovers think *Twain's* company.
The Unemployed cling to *Hope*.
Cutlers make use of *Steel*.
Dissipated folk have a *Haggard* tendency.
Builders go in for *Mason*.
Mountaineers like *Ridge*.
Pianists occupy themselves with *Grand*.
Cooks like *Browning*.
Schoolmasters find *Caine* useful.
Comedians like *Merriman*.
Journalists stick to *Lyall*.
Tipplers are fond of *Gallon*.
Cricketers sometimes study *Fielding*.
Literary men make a habit of *Reade*.
Old maids have a fondness for "*Marie*."

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

The pleasures of life are ours equally with the sorrows, provided those pleasures are clean. Outdoor sports—football, cricket, running, etc.—are all good healthy sports tending to the improvement of a man, but betting and playing for money, so often a part of such sports, cannot be too strongly condemned. In the same way, billiards is the most fascinating of all indoor games, but if it endangers a man by placing temptation in his way, he had far better never indulge in it. A table in your own house brings you the pleasure without the usually accompanying evil, and nowadays miniature tables that fit on your dining-table—or a combined dining and billiard table—may be obtained at a very small cost (payable in one sum or otherwise). These tables are made to suit any room, and a post-card addressed to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Willow Brook Billiard Works, will bring you all particulars. Write to-day.—[ADVT.]

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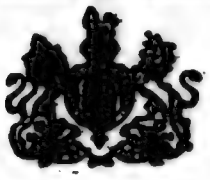

TO H.M. THE KING.

TO H.M. THE KING & QUEEN OF ITALY.

TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

"*JOHN BULL, LIMITED.*"—*In answer to many enquiries we beg to state that the prospectus of OUR Company will be issued early in October. Meanwhile readers must keep their money in the bank.*

E. G. (Kingsland Road), "FIAT JUSTITIA" (Croydon), "SERUK" (Walworth Road), W. J. J. (Ferndale), E. A. A. (S. Hackney), E. A. A. (Mass Pond), and many others.—As you will see, we are having a word with Mr. Galloway Fraser, the Brentford magistrate.

JAY DAY (London).—The colours worn by the leading jockeys depend entirely upon the owners for whom they happen to be riding. You can find the registered colours of all the principal owners in any of the Racing Handbooks.

J. K. (Glasgow).—You are quite right. If the Archdeacon sneaks away we will invite them "all to come."

A. L. H. (Streatham).—Our "howlers"—like everything else in JOHN BULL—are the genuine article. Jim Crow "has no habitual allowance of slumber"—it all depends on the quality of the cider he has taken.

M. L. S. (Leeds).—Sporting writers have a style of their own.

SEVERAL readers have sent us cuttings from papers detailing what is described as a "Preacher's Shame," but as no names or addresses are given, and this being the "Silly Season," we do not feel justified in dealing with the matter. We like to be fair—even to parsons.

T. D. (Pitsea).—We have read your letter with interest. What an all-round sort of chap you are!

"COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER" (Manchester).—Didn't you notice that we publicly swallowed a whole tin of our own biscuits in regard to the slip to which you refer?

"BIS SKIT" (Southport).—Like most of our readers, you are abnormally sharp.

W. S. (Sheffield).—We know nothing more about the Friendly Correspondence Circle than has already appeared in this column.

"A MAN IN THE STREET."—We are obliged to think that most of these football competitions come within the category you mention. Have nothing to do with any of them.

A. R. (London) cannot swallow the yarn about the soldier who had had too much cider. He thinks someone has been pulling our leg.

R. J. F. (Harringay).—For the life of us we cannot see where the "biscuit" comes in.

"PARTICIPATOR" (Bermondsey) wishes us to decide a dispute as to whether betting and gambling are synonymous terms. Strictly speaking, everything which depends upon pure chance must come under the category of gambling—but that would include life, fire and accident insurance, and a variety of other things, which we should hesitate to describe as "gambling." Our own view of gambling consists of risking upon mere chance more than a person is in a position to lose without being seriously inconvenienced.

R. H. L. (W. Kensington).—Thanks for suggestion; but life is short and we are anxious to last till our pension age.

W. B. (London).—Our Editor's Unclaimed Balances Bill, as at present framed, does not apply to insurance offices. All in good time.

H. W. C. (Weston-super-Mare) is good enough to say that Dickens never wrote anything better than our recent Open Letter to Mr. Charles Dunn. He also wishes Jim Crow to know that "intrinsically" is the correct spelling, but Jim Crow does not agree and relies on Dr. Johnson.

O. R. (Clapham).—*So sind, sehr* thin-skinned *mein herr.* Our article was most friendly. *Prosit.*

L. S. (Fulham Road), W. C. C. (Claygate), A. C. T. (Southwark) and many others.—Thanks for copies of papers containing advertisements and puffs of Arnold and Butler, the "wrong 'uns." We are following the matter up vigorously.

"WARGRAVE" (Ilkeston) informs us that a man named Ironmonger, to whom we have often alluded, has been arrested. We have not yet heard whether he will be clapped into irons.

J. F. (Albertinia, Cape Colony) says the Rand is not German-, but Jewish-owned, and that the race in question "is a mixture of the jackal and tiger." He also regards them as locusts. What a menagerie!

J. T. L. (Woking) says that, according to the *Daily Mail*, the Belgians have a wonderful style of rowing: "The winners finished very fit, and one oarsman was waving his hands to a friend on the bank as the crews passed the Press stand." No wonder they Congo.

J. H. H. B. (Glasgow) takes us to task for saying that his compatriots pray on their knees, and points out that Presbyterians do nothing of the kind. He further insists that Whitsunday always falls on May 15th, "for this is a term day, when rents are paid." What an extraordinary reason.

"THE SPHINX" (Brighton).—A devilish good story, but we have not yet grasped the point.

F. C. (Forest Hill) suggests the abandonment of the Loetschberg tunnel in Switzerland. By all means.

G. B. (Manchester) offers to be converted by our Chinaman, and asks what we would do for the unemployed if we were Prime Minister. He must not be impatient.

S. W. W. (Rochester, New York) says that the Yankee newspapers have been publishing a great deal of nonsense about the Olympic games. It is remarkable that people, who, after all, are more or less of British stock, should be so destitute of the sporting instinct.

J. G. (Edinburgh).—"A material grandson" sounds substantial.

A. J. (Fulham) wants to know when the *Echo* died. We think about five years ago, but perhaps one of our readers can supply the exact date.

R. C. B. (Blairgowrie).—We really cannot give your local paper a biscuit for saying that the Provost and Mrs. Smith attended the games at Blairgowrie, whereas they were really at Edinburgh at the time. Did you think it was a matter of Imperial importance?

J. C. (Salford) sends a cutting about two "married ladies" charged with stealing four bottles of whisky. He asks what is the difference between married ladies and married women in a case of this kind. Heaven only knows!

Drive Dull Care Away

Life Without Good Health is Scarcely Worth Living. But

a sixpenny packet of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is the "Open Sesame" to all the joys of life. Without good health, life is deprived of most of the joys which should accompany it, and to many is scarcely worth living.

All who take Vi-Cocoa regularly derive a full meed of pleasure from even the most strenuous existence. For this ideal food-beverage strengthens the system against every kind of fatigue, it puts fresh life into the weary, and by its exhilarating influence drives dull care away.

Vi-Cocoa, which is in no sense a medicine, will, when taken habitually, assist digestion in Nature's own way, and at the same time nourish the body and fortify it against disease. No drug ever yet accomplished this.

The dyspeptic never tastes to the full the joys of life. Vi-Cocoa is the sworn foe of dyspepsia, for it can be assimilated by the most delicate stomach. A sixpenny packet brings health and happiness in its train, and no household should be without one.

SIX PENCE

You can try it free of expense. Write to Vi-Cocoa, 12, Henry Street, London, W.C., for a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post paid. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home.

A Light Nourishment for General Use.

'Allenburys' DIET

Recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, &c. It is very sustaining and nourishing and whilst acceptable to all as a light nourishment, it is especially helpful to the Invalid and Dyspeptic. The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the well-known "Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

In tins at 1/6 and 3/- of Chemists, &c. A large sample sent for 2 penny stamps.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., London.

COOL CHINS.

After shaving, nothing will give such a cool, comfortable, velvety feeling to the chin, as ICILMA FLUOR CREAM. Used overnight, it softens the skin, makes shaving easy, and prevents roughness, redness and soreness.

Of all Chemists 1/- Send 2d. for sample to
(Dept. 208) 14a, Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM

ROYAL MERCEDES MOTOR CARS FOR HIRE.

THE PARK MOTOR CO., 216, Tottenham Court Rd., W.C.
Are the Original and Only firm supplying this type of car.
Numerous Testimonials from Royalty and others can be seen.
Telegrams: "Handleable, London." Telephone: 7555 and 7512 Gerrard.

J. G. R. (Edinburgh) makes some very unpleasant charges against the gatekeeper at the public entrance to the Royal Infirmary there. He had better write direct to the authorities, and let us know what answer he receives.

W. H. S. (Teignmouth).—We give biscuits for blunders only when we consider them amusing.

W. G. W. (Southend-on-Sea) complains of the long hours in drapers' shops. Clearly a case for the Trades Unions.

W. J. P. (Birmingham) wants a biscuit for somebody who advertised a pony as "honest." But, alas! we have often known horses who were thieves and rogues.

G. A. C. (Cullercoats).—We expect the correspondent was pulling the editor's leg when he wrote advocating the closing of drapers' shops on the ground that "the ruin of thousands may be traced to their dangerous and fascinating influence, for the love of dress, the lust of the eye, is so strong in the young that not only does it lead them into debt and dishonesty in their eagerness to satisfy it, but also into deceit and theft, ending in many cases in imprisonment, and consequent loss of character."

"THE DRUNKARD'S FRIEND" (Holmwood) sends us what she calls a "problem." Why do the upper ten thousand make friends with the brewers, while the present Licensing Bill is framed to do the brewers all the harm it can? The answer may be obtained by dividing the total sum invested in breweries by 10,000.

"DUBIOUS" (Sunderland).—The tipster is certainly not worth following.

B. S., JUN. (Forest Gate).—Thanks for suggestions re school reform.

R. F. T, (Kennington Road).—We have duly digested your letter, and shall always be delighted to hear from you when you have an hour or two to spare. We like nice long letters like yours, as they give us something to do and something to think about during the holiday season.

J. McW. (Manchester).—By all means let us have "War, war, war" against all Socialists. But they mean well.

A. R. C. (Hornsey).—"The vulgar error of putting the wrong end of the stick before the horse " is, as you say, "fine."

C. C. (Cricklewood) warns our readers against Milton and Son (15, Dennington Park Road, West Hampstead), who sold his nurse girl a watch worth 4s. 9d. for 35s.

"BOOKWORM" (Kilburn) says he found a slot machine at Shepherd's Bush which was out of order. When he complained, he was given a handful of "chocolate samples." So now he is happy.

"BRUM" (Birmingham).—What is your objection to the phrase "almost exactly"?

C. B. (Derby), like most of us, does not like the Income Tax. We agree that the complicated forms which have to be filled up must puzzle a lot of people.

G. D. B. (Glasgow) cannot see why the Esperantists should not call themselves consuls. Why not emperors?

F. S. W. (Norwich) suggests "funerals by post." We cannot undertake to laugh.

H. B. (Norfolk) sends us the following amusing cutting from the *Yarmouth and Gorleston Times:*

> The Queen of Spain has given birth to a son—the second—and he is to be named Jaime.

ADVERTISE YOUR WANTS IN THIS PAPER.

We will when we have any.

C. W. M. (Willesden) writes: "If those who have so much time to talk about it had to leave home, as I do, at 4.15 in the morning to be on duty at 5 o'clock sharp, they would not want any Daylight Saving Bill. It is a job to get my eyes open in summer, let alone winter."

W. E. T. wants to know whether Joseph Chamberlain ever said "pigs' food was to be free of duty." He probably did not put it quite like that.

"CLARIO" (Fulham) protests against cripples being allowed out in the streets, as they are "a menace to women in certain circumstances." But what are we to do with the poor devils?

T. S. (Upton Park) does not like the "frequent sneers at Mr. Keir Hardie." Neither does Keir. We do not agree that M.P.'s "have a right to be asked to the King's garden parties." Why not also to his dinner parties?

M. O. sends us an advertisement of £100 offered by the proprietors of a quack medicine called "Ste-Lax" for "a really brilliant advertising idea." They announce "no entrance fee," but they insist on competitors spending half-a-crown on a bottle of their stuff.

W. P. (Shadwell) submitted the idea of a submarine boat to the Admiralty. They declined his offer, but he alleges that they made use of his notions. As, however, he says that he offered to give his idea to the nation, he has only their discourtesy to complain of. He has also invented a battleship, and complains that the Admiralty only encourage rich inventors, not poor ones like himself.

"YOUTHFUL ELLEN" favours Jim Crow with the following limpid lines:—

> The scalliwags sat on the gravel walk;
> They were sobbing so fast they scarce could talk.
> Their vittals and drink was treacle and chalk.
>
> They said: "Why do pebbles when boiled remain hard?
> And why is not hominy sold by the yard?
> Why must our faces be washed every day?
> And why, oh! why does a flea jump away?"
>
> We answered: "Young people, it must be so.
> The fleas have to jump to Montenegro!
> There they serve 'em in cocoa right up to the brim,
> And sell 'em for saxpence to poor Mrs. Jim."

R. R. (Hawden) protests against our reference to "the English army." We have ordered our sub-editor to be bastinadoed.

H. O'H. (Enfield).—Sorry we did not take your tip, and it is now too late to solicit your opinion about the Stewards' Cup.

J. W. J. (Montrose).—How can we find the cutting which you forgot to enclose?

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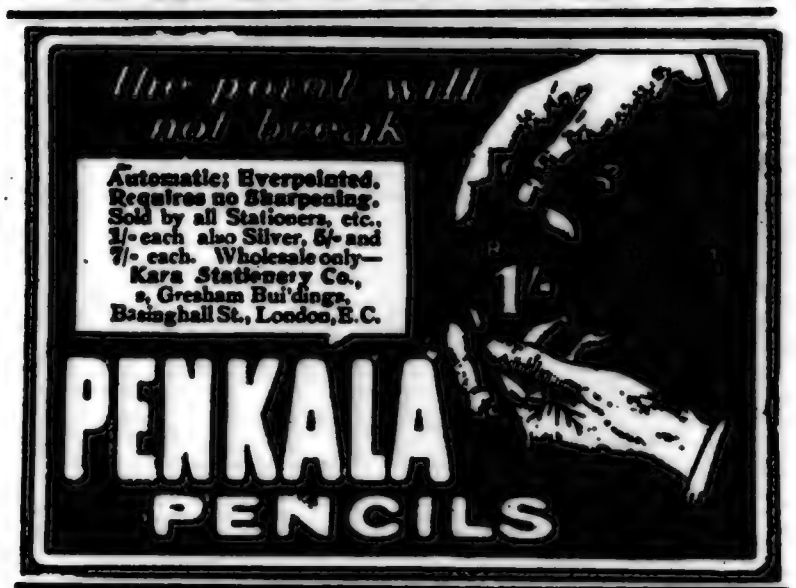

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J. M. K. (Brockley) sends us a notice of a song-service "when Miss Pink will sing solos, duets, choruses." Quite funny, we fink.

"CHERRY."—The "Grand Order of Water Rates" sounds rather refreshing. The answer is Water Rats.

G. E. J. (London, Canada).—Thanks, we are writing a paragraph on the subject.

W. S. (Mecklenburgh Street).—It was certainly not very tactful of the *Daily News* to put on its poster:

COURT & THE
LABOUR PARTY.
FIFTY POISONED,
2 DEATHS.

INDIGNANT (Edgbaston) calls our attention to an advertisement by the *Daily News* for a Manager for its Manchester Offices and Works, with the stipulation that the age must not be over 35. Indignant asks how this harmonises with articles that have appeared from time to time in our contemporary, lamenting the lack of demand for men over 35 and 40 years of age. Our advice to "Indignant" is to address his complaint to the Editor of our contemporary.

A. S. (Finchley) takes us severely to task for the manner in which we have referred to the late Mr. Sankey, and concludes with the observation that whether we believe it or not, "the Almighty One ruleth in the Kingdoms of men now as ever." This proposition we are unaware of ever having disputed. Perhaps A. S. will communicate with us again after Mr. Sankey's Will has been proved.

A. W. (Ramsgate) sends us a photograph of a house, the proprietor of which died upon the doorstep many years ago, and tells us that by the aid of a magnifying glass we shall discover the spirit form walking up the steps. There is no doubt the "spirit" is there, and he appears to be in a somewhat jolly mood. A. W., however, is a practical spiritualist because he thinks that if we reproduce the photo we should send him a guinea. If, however, A. W. will give us the address of the house, we will send Jim Crow down for a week's holiday, and he can then make full enquiries on the subject.

J. H. D. (Aberystwyth).—You must be a new reader, or you would know that we have already reported favourably upon Hapgoods.

C. E. C. (Leeds) sends us what he calls a "real spirit photo," which turns out to be a counterfeit presentment of himself and charming little daughter with a copy of JOHN BULL in his hand, a pipe in his mouth, and, we gather, some spirit and Apollinaris water at his side. What says the Archdeacon to this? We must really shortly publish a picture supplement containing a collection of these interesting photos from our readers.

A. E. M. (Gloucester), who describes himself as an "Exponent of Thought Transference," says he wishes to put us up to date, and proceeds to inform us that "the miracle Thought Transference is in England between two sixth-sense men." We are much obliged for the information—which is just what we wanted to know

C. P. (Dundee).—The report of the young lady whose black skirt was "worn at the sleeves" received a biscuit from us ages ago, and we cannot understand how it can have reappeared in the *Dundee Telegraph and Post* on August 12th.

W. G. P. (Brampton, Ontario) wants to know why the *Daily Telegraph* contains so many bulletins of Mr. Chamberlain's health. Probably the editor knows the tastes of his readers.

F. W. S. (Beckenham), A. W. F. W. (Lisa), E. H. F. (Spalding), F. W. (Market Harborough), W. J. C. (Londonderry), K. G. (Old Bond Street), J. S. (Farlie), "TOMMY" (Barnes), J. D. (Southall), T. H. (Margate), A. R. (Alexandra Palace), A. S. (Watford), J. H. N. (Cardiff), N. S. (Broughton), H. H. B. (Hampstead), V. E. M. (Burton-on-Trent), H. E. G. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. G. H. (Eastbourne), "JACK DAW," F. H. (Cardiff), F. W. B. (Clapham Junction), J. S. P. (Liskeard), A. G. H. (Bristol), E. G. (Brondesbury), F. R. (Harringay), E. D. S. R. (Clondalkin), H. P. (Clapton), W. J. B. (Dorking), J. A. (Bermondsey), R. & Co. (Pokesdown), Mrs. C. R. W. (Bayswater), E. C. (Birkenhead), L. G. (Clapton), J. L. Y. (Leyton), W. J. M. (Manor Park), A. C. (Clerkenwell), W. E. (Clapham), A. J. B. (Westminster), D. C. F. (Eltham), R. W. (Tunbridge Wells), F. W. M. (Worcester), "AUTOLYCUS" (Leicester), S. G. A. (Inverness), W. M. (Sutton), F. F. (Bradford), W. H. (Notts), P. S. (Cirencester), J. M. (Knaresborough), A. E. J. (Leigh-on-Sea), J. C. (Birtle), J. B. (Skegness), R. H. S. (East Sheen), V. L. (Brondesbury Park), W. A. W. L. (Birmingham), W. V. (Clapham), F. J. (Leicester), C. H. A. (Plymouth), E. F. (Rotherhithe), H. E. H. (Bristol), F. W. C. (Hammersmith), E. J. F., R. B. W. (Camberwell), B. S. (Clacton-on-Sea), E. E. (Aston), J. M. (Forest Hill), A. J. M. (Linares, Spain), G. R. (Penge), G. B. (Southsea), "FORTUNATUS" (Ruabon), B. J. (Leicester), R. L. (Wimbledon), W. J. K. (London), J. O'C. (Plymouth), C. A. O. (Clifton), E. H. D. (Exeter), F. W. F. (Maidwell), W. E. J. (Crouch End), C. S. H. D. (Mapperley), J. W. K. B. (Droitwich), C. B. (Cheltenham), "READER" (Shepherd's Bush), J. E. L. (Horeham), E. P. (Bournemouth), G. L. (Ferryhill), S. H. R. (Histon), H. M. (B. Gn.), "SLIDE RALE" (Southfields), H. S. (Loughborough), J. T. (Westbourne Grove), J. E. (Edinburgh), A. B. (Blackfriars), "KUST" (Leytonstone), Miss K. M. (Kingston-on-Thames, C. K. (Harringay), B. H. (New Cross Road), E. H. (West Ealing), P. C. P. (Regent's Park), R. W. F. (Herne Bay), A. J. (Teddington), F. W. (Thornaby), "AMUSED" (S. Broughton), W. C. (Leicester), S. B. (Lowestoft), and C. J. B. (Birmingham). Many thanks.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

TRADE NOTE.

We who have passed the stripling's age have come to regard shaving as the worst of all evils that are necessary. No longer do we boast of our "three shaves a week," but search after those modern wonders that will ease our toilet toil. The safety razor has come to help us, and those who have been wise enough to investigate its claims will know that it is speedy and effective in action. The Clemak Safety is the razor that seems to have combined the most essential details in its manufacture and certainly supersedes others in this matter, that the blades require no removing when cleansing is necessary. This is a good point, for it means time-saving, and prevents any cutting from careless handling. This is, however, not the only point in favour of the Clemak. Users say it gives an easy, quick and delightfully cool shave, and, of course, its use means money saving. Many of our readers are no doubt interested in this matter, and should send for particulars to the Clemak Razor Company, Billiter Street, E.C.

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Mr. Alfred Appelt, once an inveterate and apparently hopeless stammerer, has to-day regained perfect freedom of utterance, and has bestowed similar blessings on many fellow-sufferers.

He treats on entirely new lines, and has recently written a book on the subject entitled "The Stammerer's Guide," which should be read by all sufferers.

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STAMMER

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Caine and A. B. W.

The same week that has given us Miss Marie Corelli's new novel has produced a very remarkable pronouncement from Mr. Hall Caine, who also is something of a guardian of the public morals. The *Times*, which is to say Mr. A. B. Walkley, does not like Mr. Caine's plays: it likes his play of "Pete" at the Lyceum apparently least of them all. It said so, whereupon Mr. Caine developed one of the most delightful bits of scurrility I remember to have read. Mr. Walkley and others who think with him are described as "little literary eunuchs," "who bark and rail and foam at morally healthy, wholesome, properly constituted human beings," "for 'tis their nature to." Whereas the public which likes Mr. Caine is, he says, "my only master, and the public is a good fellow."

Harry Lauder.

The whole business is almost as funny as the week's stories about Harry Lauder, and especially that one which pictures him as the Laird o' Cockpen, or some other place in the wild country from which he came. Sixteen years ago Lauder was working in the pit for fifteen shillings a week; soon he will be earning more per night than he earned per year a decade ago. £800 a week—or £1,000—whichever it is—sounds a lot of money; but it is about time that the Scots comedian began to handle a little of the cash he draws. Only a dozen of our variety stars make a material difference to the receipts of any hall at which they may appear. For some years now Lauder has been at the head of them all as a financial speculation. But certain managements have had the pull on his services at far less than the public imagines. They have made the haul, not Lauder, although Lauder himself would be the last to suggest that he has done badly in England.

The Dramatic Season.

If we may judge by the opening of the theatrical season in the West End, the British drama might very well be in worse case than it is. The new "Faust" at His Majesty's, "Pete" at the Lyceum, "What all Women Know" at the Duke of York's, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—a wretched title for a really interesting play—at the St. James's, "Idols" at the Garrick, "The King of Cadonia" at the Prince of Wales: these and other newly staged plays represent a considerable variety and considerable dramatic merit, as well as a great deal of capital acting. If the season goes on as well as it has begun, the theatrical fare provided for the Londoner this winter will be at least up to the customary standard.

At the Halls.

At the halls, too, the programmes just now are very good indeed. "The Sands of Dee" at the Hippodrome is the most remarkable thing in water displays that has been seen even there; and at Hengler's there is a boy rider, by title Young Culeen, who should be seen by all my country cousins, especially the young ones, when they come to town. The Coliseum also has some startling items on its programme, and more to follow. The rumour that Mr. Stoll will induce the Kaiser to come across and do a panto turn is, however, at present unconfirmed. Which reminds me, by a fantastic association of ideas, that "The Camden Murder" and "The Irish Leprechaun" are being exploited as popular entertainments—the former on the East Coast and the latter in Glasgow. The so-called Leprechaun is a fraud, not being the leprechaun at all, but only a defective person whom it is a scandal to exhibit publicly; the Murder item is described as by "Robert Wood." If the law cannot deal with this sort of thing, surely it behoves the public to take a very strong line. What that line should be, I leave to the local initiative.

P.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

Punters are not supposed to win.

Can what I heard be true that "if a favourite has won, and the ring have 'lost fourpence,' they then get together and commune as though the world was coming to an end"? An official way.

How remarkable it is, in almost every case, that those who are in power invariably shelve the question which they should decide. An evasive or non-committal reply is child-like.

An S.P. dodge.

It is an old but invariably successful wheeze, when an owner or trainer strongly "expects" his representative, not to go to the meeting, the deduction being that anything running is so little fancied that the owner and trainer do not think it worth while being present.

Prophetic.

Doncaster must be half over before I can allude to it. Friday's Cup will fall to

The White Knight,

and to-day's Portland Plate to whatever can beat that pair of disappointments,

The Welkin

and Certosa. In the Prince of Wales' Nursery the specially trained

Blackstone

has Carrousel to beat, but may win at last. If Cocksure II. is half as good as report says, he must win the Hull Gold Cup, but I should prefer to trust

Malua,

despite the Cambridgeshire handicapping.

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For meaning of this number see page 269.